

THE AMERICAN Legion

SEPTEMBER, 1946

MAGAZINE



HOW TO BE A CIVILIAN

BY BOB HOPE

UNSEEN WOUNDS

BY J. C. FURNAS

FOOTBALL'S POWDER KEG

BY FRITZ CRISLER

F. Brandt

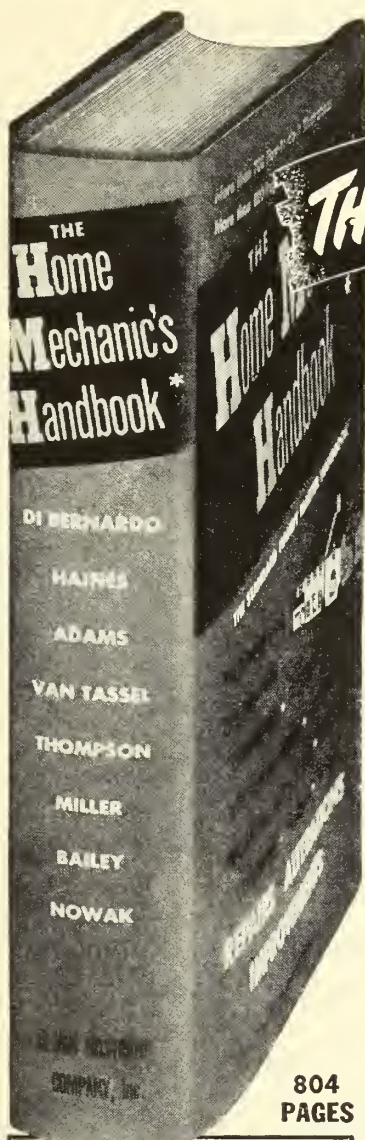


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THE AMERICAN Legion MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1946

VOL. 40 • NO. 9

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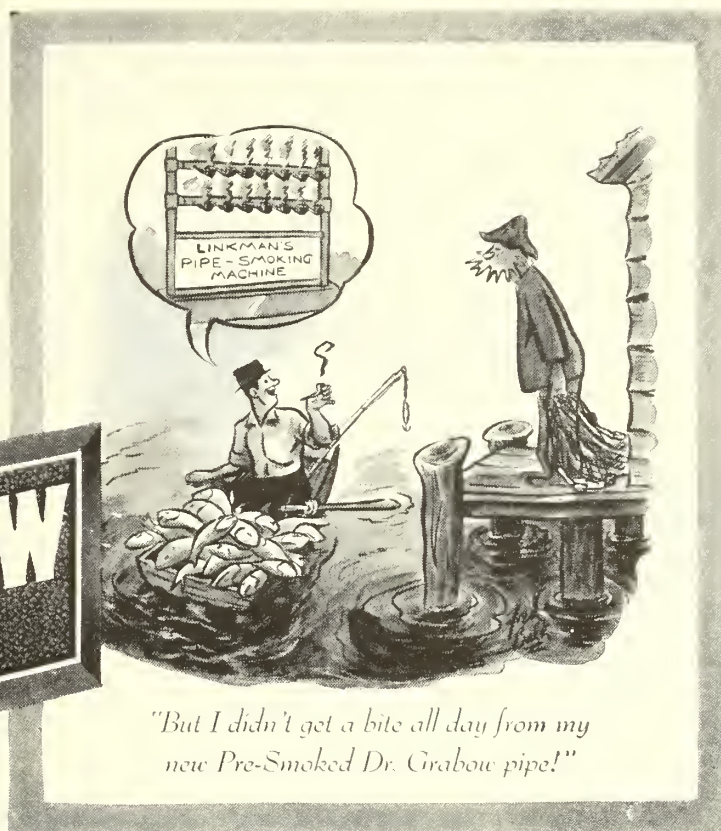
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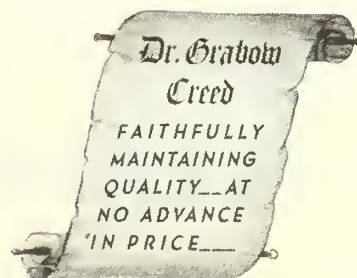
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THE EDITORS' CORNER



COVER artist Frank Brandt was another of the original staffers on *Yank*, the *Army Weekly*, and served as Art Director of *Yank's* British Edition before his discharge last December. Brandt says there's a ballet school beneath his New York studio and swing band rehearsal halls on either side. Between jam sessions he draws cartoons and plans alterations for his newly acquired farm in Pennsylvania.

One of the things worrying him most about the farm is how he's going to move the plumbing in out of the back yard. If it's the kind of plumbing we think it is, we'd like to suggest that he abandon all those ideas about moving it, and concentrate instead on getting some new, modern equipment to replace it. From what little we know of the subject those back yard affairs don't work out so well when they're moved inside.

Jealousy in the Harem

We have just received a letter from Mildred Adams (*Caring For Our Own*, page 16) who has been making out very well as a newspaper reporter, feature writer and child welfare specialist. The letter contained considerable information which we found interesting, but there was one passage we'd especially like to pass on to you. "I was once refused an interview by an Indian Maharajah," she says, "who was afraid the news would get back to his harem that he'd been talking to a female reporter who wasn't wearing a veil."

Correspondence Pays Off

We'd like to hazard the guess that Mr. and Mrs. Carl William Meyer, of Sparta, Wisconsin, will think twice before writing another letter to a magazine editor.

In May we received and published a letter from Mr. Meyer offering his two farms in Sparta for sale to any war veteran who wants a good home. The Meyers were dis-

grunted because of the difficulty in getting help to run their acreage.

Shortly after the letter appeared in *Sound Off!* we received another letter from Mr. Meyer informing us that they'd been swamped with inquiries from nearly every State in the Union, more pouring in every day, and postage stamps and writing paper running short in the Meyer home. We detect from this latter letter that the old place looks better to the Meyers. No longer the bitter tone and the disgruntled outlook on the future, but a sweet description of rich bottom lands, hillside timber and pastures with bubbling springs. Somebody better grab it up quick before the Meyers sell it back to themselves.

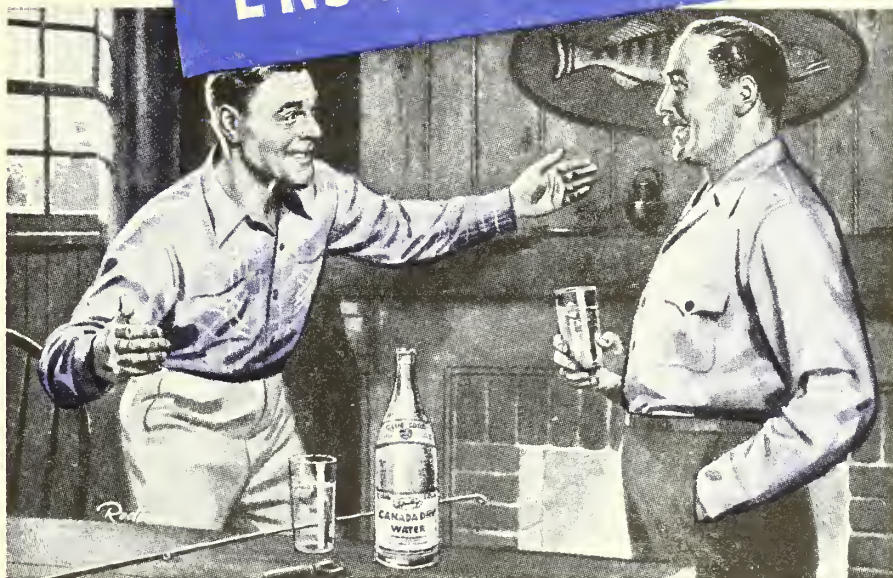
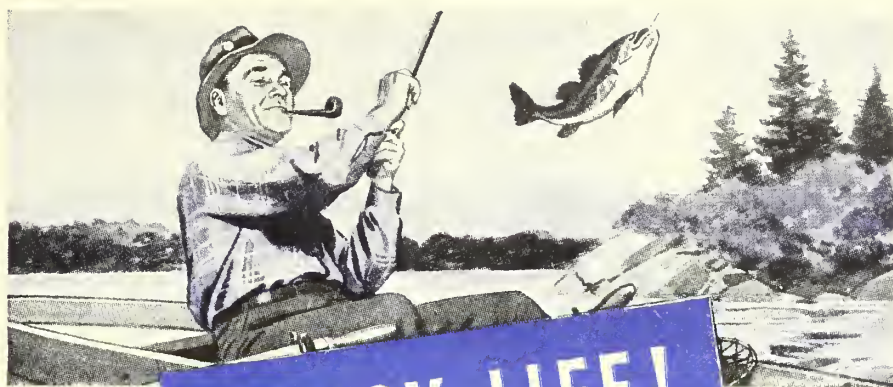
Where There's Laughter There's Hope

Lester Townes Hope (Bob to you) traveled more than a million miles making servicemen laugh during the war. Now he's back in Hollywood, writing a three-act play, making movies, appearing on the radio and trying to beat Bing Crosby at golf. Hope was one of four men recently awarded the American Legion Distinguished Service Medal for his contribution to our servicemen and his assistance in aiding the Legion whenever requested during the past 15 years. The three other distinguished Americans who received the award were Cordell Hull, Major General Lewis B. Hershey and J. Edgar Hoover.

Incidentally, Hope is a member of a syndicate which bought the Cleveland Indians last June. We are glad to welcome him into the fold of people at whom the public throws more bricks than bouquets, which includes, among others, baseball folk, politicians—and editors. You'll find his entertaining article, *How To Be A Civilian*, on page 19 of this issue.

WE NOTE WITH considerable satisfaction that Laguna Beach (California) Post 222 put on a very impressive exhibit of the drawings of our cartoonist cohort "Wally" Wallgren, at the recent Laguna Beach Festival of Arts. The exhibit, consisting for the most part of "Wally" originals which have appeared in the Legion magazine, will be moved to San Francisco for display at the forthcoming national convention.

D. S.



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This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed but your name won't be used if you say so.

SKUNK-JUICE FOR CLUETT

Sir: Who the hell is Jack Cluett? Some bloke with halitosis and B.O.? He isn't funny at all. I'm amazed that the Legion would publish such drivel, naming the manufacturers of products. Some of the products he mentions I sell.

LESLIE LLOYD

Los Angeles, California

Sir: I've had to hide the June issue from my husband, all on account of Jack Cluett's article "Strictly Stinky." I don't want my husband to get the wrong idea. Hubby uses Courtley's after-shave, tangy outdoor fragrance with the delightful blend of the perfume of finest cognac, cedarwood, Russian leather and the great outdoors. It smells mighty nice. If author Cluett wants to go around smelling like a day at the fertilizer plant, then let him. Hubby was an athletic instructor in the Navy (begging pardon of all present and ex-Navy men who hate Chief Specialist-s). He looks just as athletic when he smells nice. If there's a gal in the whole U.S. who doesn't like to have her guy smell nice, then let her sound off. Tell author Cluett to go jump in a barrel of skunk-juice.

MRS. M. RUBLEE

Long Beach, California

Mrs. Rublee's comments were relayed to Mr. Cluett, who replied: "I drove a garbage truck in World War I and still smelled so bad in '43 that they wouldn't take me in World War II. When I tried men's perfumes they referred me to the WAC recruiting station down the street. Naturally, I'm prejudiced."

AGAINST COLLECTIVE RACKETEERING

Sir: Labor must have its own organization for its own protection. The right of collective bargaining must be preserved. *Collective bargaining*, that is, not *collective racketeering*. Let's take the control of the unions out of the hands of those elements which are subversive of the cause of labor itself. That can be done by drafting legislation which will put union funds on the same level with the funds of any other public corporation. Strip the lush collections to such amounts as are needed to operate them legitimately, and the racketeers will soon

find other games to play. Then the laboring man will get full benefit from the money he pays into the union. But this cannot be done so long as the long arm of the labor racketeer can reach a jelly-bellied legislator who is afraid his constituents will misunderstand how he voted. The Great American Pastime of writing-your-congressman can never convince him that he should think of public welfare first. Not while the racketeers have fat wads of reward money to offer. A veterans' G-2 is the only answer. Each State should have its own organization to keep the public informed, through individual Posts, of what gives on the home front. There should also be a national organization to keep tabs on the national fronts. Let's take government out of the hands of the politicians and once more make this the stronghold of democracy—"that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

ROGER W. CARTER

Fillmore, California

CHARITY AT HOME

Sir: I am writing in behalf of thousands of inhabitants of isolated regions in the mountains of Kentucky, West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and neighboring areas. They face a cold autumn and colder winter without any promise that they can live until Spring as far as food and clothing are concerned. The Mountain Child Welfare Mission is a non-profit, non-political, non-racial organization which recognizes no credal lines in its work of ministering to these poverty-stricken multitudes. Money is needed, and we need clothing of all sizes and kinds except that usually intended for social affairs. We need shoes of all sizes so that children may go to school. If you will help us, as deserving a population as exists in all the world will receive the benefits of your generosity.

MARY SUE WHITE, R.N.

President, Mountain Child Welfare Mission
Hazard, Kentucky

FOR MORE STRIKES

Sir: I read with interest B.S.'s letter in *Sound Off!* in April pointing out that manufacturers as well as workers were striking, by withholding goods from market until the OPA permitted them to charge more for their products. Isn't it about time that consumers did a little striking themselves? Let's stop this nonsense of paying sucker prices. We got along without many things during the war, let's keep on buying only what we have to, and then only if we're sure we're getting value for money spent. Let's make use of the law of supply and demand ourselves. By cutting down our demands, we can whip prices into line. As an example of how we're left holding the bag and how we can do something about it, look what happened when John L. Lewis got his settlement for the anthracite strike. The price of hard coal, we're told, will be increased almost a dollar a ton. I, for one, am going to

use just that much less coal. I'm burned up enough to keep warm. And I'm wearing GI shirts until the manufacturers figure out some way of making shirts at less than \$5 a copy.

R. L. S.

Waltham, Massachusetts

\$1000 AT DEATH

Sir: It is said that a large number of veterans are letting their National Service Life Insurance lapse. They cannot be blamed because, inexpensive as it may be for the coverage offered, it is far too costly for some in point of *payoff*. In many cases, families never have very much more than enough for current expenses and there is no cash reserve to draw on in case of emergency. In case of death, a financial crisis often results. The beneficiary of a life insurance policy needs a minimum of \$1000. Instead of that, what does a woman get if her veteran husband dies? If she is 30, and has been left with a \$10,000 policy, she gets almost 40 whole dollars. Now \$40 in the hands of a capable and economical housewife can be made to go a long way, and to have it coming for life greatly enhances its value. But what about the *first* month? I repeat, the beneficiary needs a minimum of \$1000 to carry over that first month. Congress should give consideration to an amendment to the provisions of National Service Life Insurance making the lump payment of \$1000 possible.

BENJAMIN A. COCHILL

St. Louis, Missouri

The American Legion is sponsoring an amendment to existing law which will permit the beneficiary to take all of the proceeds of a National Service Life Insurance policy in a lump sum or to take part in a lump sum and the balance in monthly installments.

KILLING WITH OUR TEETH

Sir: The efficient Germans, with all their horrible machinery for mechanized murder, required six years of war to kill 20 million people. It appears that our American plan (or rather, refusal to plan) will probably result in killing 30 or 40 million people in six months of peace—and by much simpler, cleaner, and pleasanter techniques than those used by the nasty Nazis—merely by enjoying extra cakes and pies, extra chickens and steaks, extra pats of butter, extra double-scoop chocolate sundaes. What is needed? Obviously bold, swift, vigorous action by our Government to ration strictly our extravagantly wasteful consumption of grains, meats, butter, eggs, ice cream, etc., and to ship abroad swiftly whatever is needed to keep alive the millions of innocents. But, more important even than governmental action, we must—each of us individually—commit ourselves morally to so act that we may save the lives of our fellowmen, not slaughter them with meat-lungry teeth.

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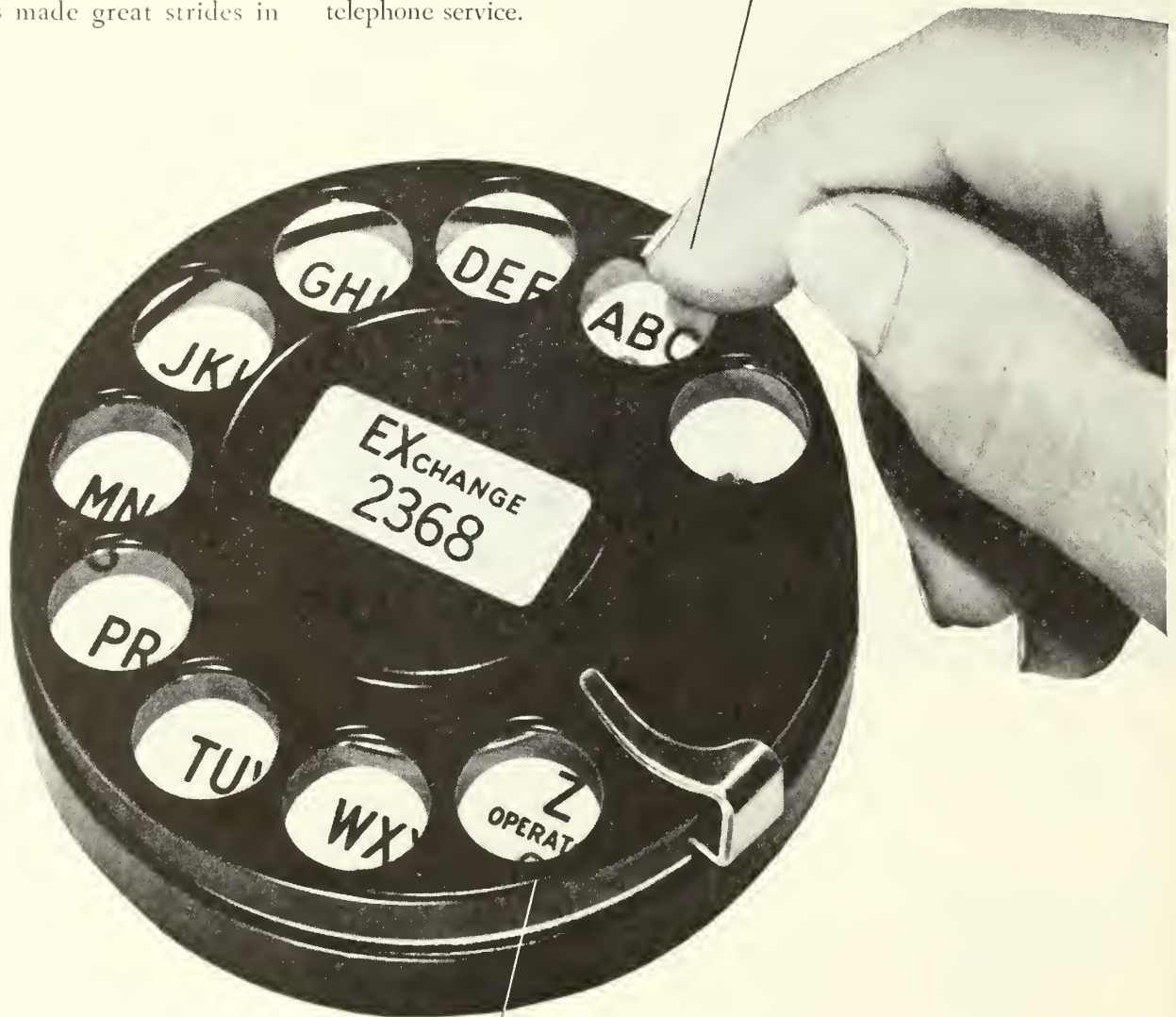
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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



It looked like a happy ending for these Camp Dix separatees but their new world may face ten years of rough weather

THE
AMERICAN
Legion
MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER
1946



THE LONG HARD ROAD TO *PEACE*

A year ago the headlines were full of exultation and hope. The war was over; three great totalitarian regimes had fallen. "MacArthur Expedites Occupation of All Japan"; "Hiroshima World's Most Damaged City"; "Lehman Forecasts \$1,800,000,000 UNRRA Fund in 1946"; "Congress Returns to Take Up Problem of Peace"—so ran the headlines of the *New York Times* for September 5, 1945, four days after the capitulation on the *Missouri*. How stands the nation after a year of peace? Has the settlement of the world proceeded smoothly, has UNRRA fed the needy, has Congress performed its tasks?

The first impulse of everyone who answers this question is to say that the progress of the United States and the

The past 12 months since V-J Day haven't worked out as we had hoped, but there has been a bright spot in the successful launching of the United Nations

world has been almost intolerably slow and fumbling. Our news of today tells of constant international bickering, of hunger and unrest abroad, of urgent domestic tasks unperformed. Some comfort can be gained from recalling that reconstruction has always been a slow, painful process. "We shall not repeat the mistakes made after the last war," Winston Churchill told the Commons; "we shall make an entirely new set." But to a great extent we *do* repeat

By Allan Nevins

the errors, quarrels, and sickening delays of previous post-war periods.

We emerged from the First World War with a tragic lack of any broad plan of reconstruction and reorganization at home; we emerged from the second World War with the same want of preparation. As the earlier conflict ended, Wilson's leadership was largely destroyed by the Congressional elections of 1918; this one had hardly ended before other circumstances largely destroyed Truman's leadership. Wilson in 1919 and Truman in 1946 wanted gradual demobilization of troops and gradual relaxation of economic controls; but in both years public pressure



We make the same mistakes, and different ones too. Six months after WWI armistice (right) victors sign peace treaty at Versailles. Seven months after WW2 victory breach grows among victors (top) as Gromyko takes a walk



and Congressional timidity forced an abrupt reduction of armed forces and government restraints. In 1919 discharged soldiers were mainly thrown on their own. Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts remarking that "90 per cent of the boys are able to take care of themselves." The same spirit prevailed in 1946. After the First World War business and labor were at each other's throats; after the second their struggle was even more bitter.

In foreign affairs the parallels are equally striking. Food was one of the two great preoccupations of mankind after the First World War; Communism was the other. In January, 1919. Wilson sent word to Congress: "Food relief is now the key to the whole European situation and to the solution of peace." Mr. Truman has made precisely the same statement. The burning political question in 1919 was how far Communism would spread. It menaced Poland, the weak Austrian republic, and faction-torn Italy. Under Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg it formed a powerful phalanx in Germany, while under the brutal Bela Kun it briefly mastered Hungary. Wilson came back from France in the summer of 1919 to tell audiences that the nightmare fear of European peoples was that the disease of Communism would seize their nation, for the poison was "running through the veins of the world." How different is the situation today? Food against famine, democracy against

bolshevism—the same battles are being fought once again.

Actually the situation today, a year after Japan fell, is unhappier than it was a year after the Armistice of 1918. It is more grimly depressing for four reasons.

First, today the United States faces the task of paying off a debt not of 24 billions, but of nearly 300 billions. Nobody believes this can be done without the most painful economic strains. Second, the tension between labor and capital is far more serious today than it was a quarter century ago, and both sides wield far heavier weapons. Third, peacemaking went forward much more rapidly after the previous war. Wilson sailed at once for Europe, the conference opened two months after the Armistice, and the peace treaty was signed June 28, 1919. Since our far more terrible Second World War, the delays have been atrocious.

A year after V-E Day no peace settlement had been made even with Italy. A year after V-J Day the Powers are still facing a welter of critical issues. Fourth, the balance of power is today much more precarious. In 1919 the world's destinies were in the hands of a well-balanced group of nations, the strongest of which were reasonably like-minded. The United States, Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and China all counted themselves victors. The first three of these cherished the same democratic ideals. But today there are only three great Powers; and a black line demarcates Russia on one side from Britain and America.

All of these problems are interrelated. We cannot really begin to pay off our colossal debt until we can drastically reduce our armament expenditures, and restore international trade. But we cannot cut our defence bill sharply below the present level of 16 billions a year, or fully revive trade, until peace is made; a peace on which we can depend. While the uncertainties of taxes, export-levels, and other prime elements in the economic situation remain so great, capital and labor will be restive. And a stable peace is impossible until America and Britain can reach a much more complete understanding with Russia.

The harsh fact is that for nearly a year the Soviet Union blocked one forward step after another. At Potsdam in the summer of 1945, Stalin and Molotov left Truman and Byrnes in a state of irritated bafflement. At the subsequent gathering of foreign ministers in London, Russia caused a deadlock rather than let France and China enter the peace negotiations. When in the spring of 1946 Molotov met Byrnes and Bevin at Paris, he still demanded Italian-populated Trieste for Yugoslavia, and refused to discuss the enormous Russian forces in the Balkans. Meanwhile, Gromyko did his utmost to cripple the Security Council in its efforts to protect Iran.

All these problems are interrelated, and somehow all were held too long in a vast log-jam. Unquestionably Truman and Byrnes have worked conscientiously, while Congressional leaders like Barkley and Vandenberg have done their utmost. Beyond doubt the governments of the (Continued on page 32)



Internal unrest follows wars. Above, militia break Boston police strike, 1919. Below, police club Philadelphia picket line in 1946



Veterans must be absorbed in industry before things level off. Legion Employment Bureau in L.A. getting men jobs after WWI. We're doing better this time with five times as many vets



Patrolman Jimmy Keefe laid his completed report on the Sergeant's desk and heaved a sigh of relief. He'd been afraid he wouldn't make it back to the precinct house on time, but his luck was right with him. Jimmy was a very lucky young man.

He waited impatiently while Hannigan read the report slowly to himself, his lips forming the words silently. The clock said two-twenty-five and he had to be there by two-thirty.

The sergeant laid the report aside and said, "Okay, Jimmy. Nice going."

Jimmy cleared his throat. "You wanted me to take that Bowman-Dale payroll escort, didn't you, Sarge?"

Hannigan said, "No, never mind it today, Jim. I'll send one of the other boys—you just got back from the other job."

"If it's all the same to you, Sarge, I'd just as soon tackle this one, too."

Hannigan took off his glasses with one hand and began to wipe them with a handkerchief. His blue Irish eyes settled fixingly on Jimmy's face. "That's the third time this week that you spoke for that deal—what's the angle, kid?"

"No angle, Sarge—I just thought since I wasn't doing anything, I might just as well . . ."

"Yeah, shure. Only it ain't natural to be lookin' for work. It'll find you soon enough. Sounds to me like a dame."

Jimmy felt his cheeks redden. "No, Sarge. It's not that, it's just that . . ." But Hannigan missed nothing, and his big grin told Jimmy that he knew.

"Go ahead," he said. "You'll have to hustle to make it." Jimmy wheeled and started for the door, but Hannigan's voice stopped him. "And, Jimmy," he warned. "Don't let it interfere with your job!" Jimmy waved to him and yanked the door open.

Interfere, he thought to himself as he walked rapidly down the block; why, seeing Miss Kincannon was part of his job. And what a pleasant part of his job she was—seeing her every day, calling for her at the office, taking her three blocks to the bank, walking her back to the office. She took the deposit of Bowman & Dale to the bank every day, and it was his job—his *job*, mind you—to go along with her to see that nothing and nobody interfered.

The first time Hannigan had put him on it, two weeks ago, he'd thought of it as a routine detail—a thing to be



Jimmy was so enraged at the man trying to snatch Kitty's satchel that he did not turn. As his gun came out he felt a stunning blow behind his left ear

It's a good Question

By Harold Applebaum

Illustrated by Wendell Kling

Hold up Kitty Kincannon? Jimmy hoped someone would just try it

done and forgotten. But then he met Miss Kincannon, and during their first walk he suddenly understood that he was blessed above ordinary mortals by this very privilege. Miss Kincannon had fine black hair and clear blue eyes with great dark lashes, and she had a way of smiling that threw Jimmy into confusion. She was slim and dainty and she came just up to here. In their all-too-short walks to and from the bank each day Jimmy spent all of his time watching and listening to her and making great far-reaching plans for a future that would involve her. Of course, he had said nothing about this to Miss Kincannon (just yesterday he'd learned her first name was Kitty). Perhaps it was because Jimmy was by nature a straight-thinking cautious chap who liked always to be sure of success before he tried anything. But now he felt the time had come to assert himself. Kitty was too important to his happiness to wait any longer.

Today, he told himself—as he turned her corner—today he would ask her for the pleasure of extending his escort service to her personal life as well as her business life—those would be his very words. And once he began to go out with her, he would disclose more and more of his plans for her future—for *their* future. Jimmy Keefe had marriage

on his mind. It was now simply a matter of following through.

Bowman & Dale occupied the fourth floor of a small office building. Jimmy stepped out of the elevator and strode familiarly through the little swinging door blissfully unaware of the admiring glances the office girls bestowed on his straight-shouldered six-foot frame. He found Kitty in the office, talking to Mr. Dale, “Deposit ready, Mr. Dale?” he asked respectfully.

“You know it’s ready,” Kitty said. “You’re three minutes late and you’re trying to cover up.” Just about then she threw him the smile and he forgot whatever it was that he was going to say.

Wordlessly he helped her on with her coat, aware of the wonderful perfume that seemed to hover all about her. Mr. Dale unlocked the safe and handed her the deposit.

“It’s pretty heavy today,” she remarked as they walked through the outer office to the door.

“I wish I could carry it for you,” Jimmy offered hopefully.

“You can’t. I told you that last week—you’ve got to have both hands free to protect me.” She laughed suddenly. “Unless you carry it in your teeth—” (*Continued on page 34*)

In the recent war, psychiatry learned:
That the nation's pre-war dearth of
trained psychiatrists is just as damag-
ing, or more so, in war as in peace.
That, as had been suspected but not
widely proved, psychoneurotics can
often be handled most effectively in
groups.

That the nation needs far wider ac-
ceptance of psychiatry as part of the
medical approach in general.

That, under the right circumstances,
this acceptance can readily be built
up.

And that, if veterans are to be done
right by, all the above must be ap-
plied effectively, quickly and widely.

Jim, a former Marine, was in trouble. His bursts of temper were not only making things tough for his partner and the help, they were driving customers away from his dry-cleaning establishment. He explained this to the VA doctor.

"I'm getting fouled up good and I'll probably go to pieces unless I get help."

Praising Jim's gumption for coming in under his own steam—most of the customers reporting to the Veterans Administration "mental hygiene" clinics are sent in—the doctor talked it out with him. Jim's irritability, his sleeplessness, nightmares and jitters went back to Peleliu and those fantastic days and nights when it was touch and go. He still saw infiltrating Japs standing over him and lived again the time when a man had his head blown off right beside him.

Using get-wise-to-yourself ideas suggested by the doctor, Jim is now on top of his black angers, his sleep is improving and he has managed to stay on the job all the way through. He will probably still need help for a while, at longer and longer intervals. But this is a real victory—he can live with himself again.

In World War I, Jim's condition would have been called "shell shock." Medically—for a psychiatrist is as much a medico as a surgeon—it's a "psychoneurosis," an emotional jam. In combat such jams were born of an unrealized conflict between a perfectly understandable fear, brought to excruciating height by ghastly happenings, and the fighting man's obligation to stay in and pitch. His not being a coward, his trying to stick when powerful unrealized im-



UNSEEN WOUNDS

pulses dictated getting the hell out of there, was what spawned the trouble.

Much of the difference between this war and the other in handling the neuroses of battle lay in speed of treatment. Last time, a shell shock case was a poor bet, and many of them still fill beds in the NP ends of veterans' hospitals. Over half the space in those hospitals is occupied by NP, not physical cases. In World War I top place went to "hysteria," men disabled by blindness or paralysis, perhaps, that was no less real because there was nothing tangible wrong with eyes or legs.

In this war the commonest psychoneurosis is an "anxiety

Jim's temper was driving customers away from the dry-cleaning establishment

Illustration by
GEORGE HUGHES



state." Nobody knows why the change, though the same trend appeared before 1939 in civilian patients. Nor does anybody know whether Jim, the ex-Marine, would have had such trouble, probably stemming from things that happened to him and his folks way back, even if he had never known the grinding hell of island fighting.

But medicine does know that he should be helped as much as science can, for his own sake and for society's. And out of the recent war, psychiatry, called on to prove more than any previous war demanded, has learned several things that can help him and the thousands more like him.

Phrases like "combat exhaustion" were medicine's effort to prevent word-resistance in GI's, alarmed at hearing themselves diagnosed "psychoneuroses." Both he and his folks are too likely to assume that any word containing the syllable "psych-" means crazy. Medicine has even considered dropping *psych-* words altogether when dealing with patients. But now the consensus is

that it is better to educate the public in what those words do and do not mean, letting knowledge remove the curse.

War did much to break down previous barriers between doctors of emotional strains—meaning psychiatrists—and doctors of physical ailments. Many young medicos in the Army or Navy learned by unmistakable experience that body and mind mutually interact in very strange and often damaging ways, and are now likelier to take psychiatric angles into account in civilian practice.

Pessimism about the huge numbers of fighting men who had psychoneurotic troubles in the war is unjustifiable, many doctors think. "Combat exhaustion," apparently a separate neurosis in itself, does not dig deep. Chances are that well handled cases will not get kick-backs in after war living.

During the war it was learned that working fast on shell-happiness was all-important. Psychiatrists got best results right up behind the lines, giving the patient rest and reassurance without letting him leave the combat environment. Given time, they knew, he would weave his trouble into his regular living pattern. After expert treatment, the patient was often able to go

BY J. C. FURNAS

back into the line, a fighting man in trim again.

"Early makes the difference," said one expert. "Like releasing steam before it has time to build up to exploding point." The figures involved are astounding. When rear-area treatment was SOP, barely one man in ten returned to combat. Later, as right-back-of-the-line work got going, some 60 percent were salvaged for further fighting.

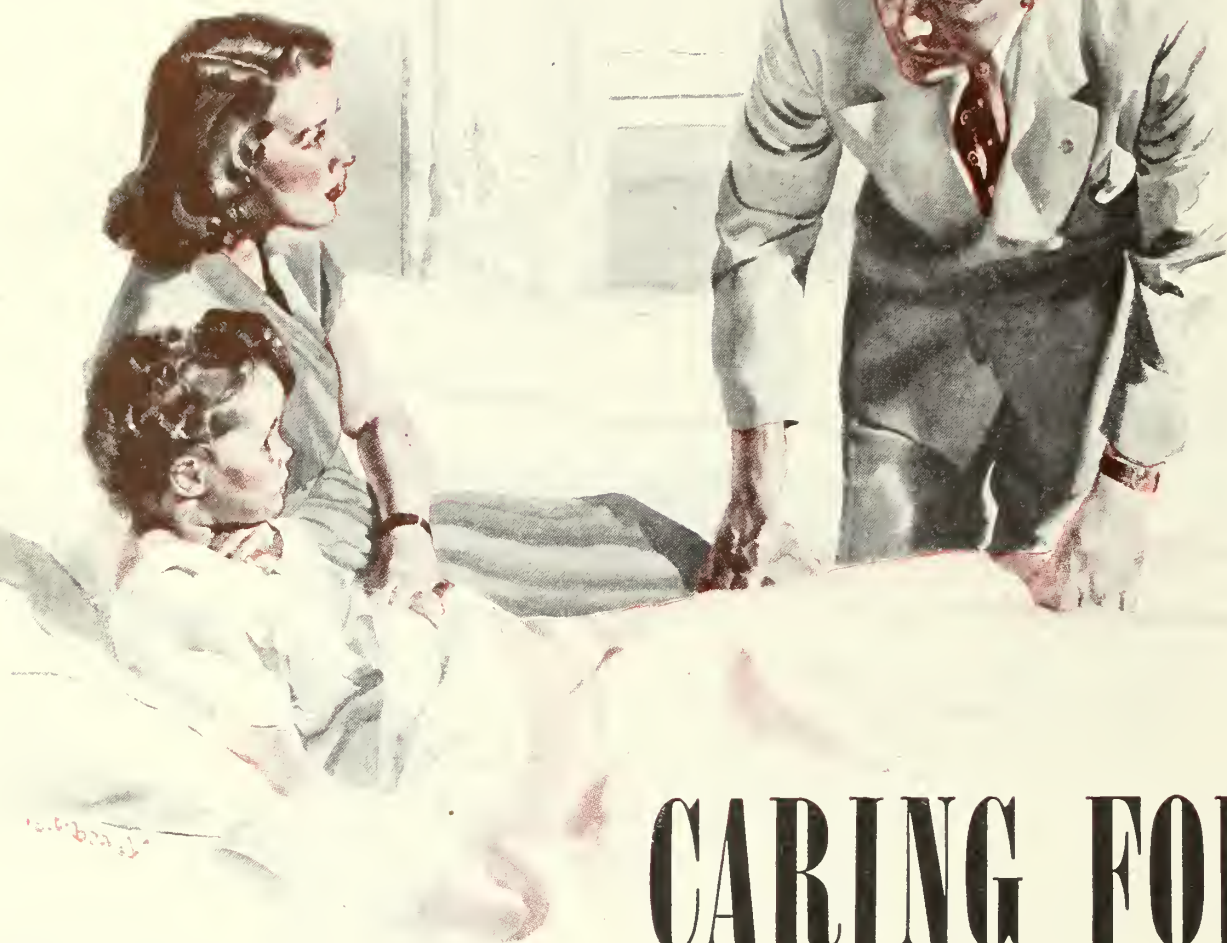
Several treatment-ideas that had been tried out in a small way before the war came through on a big scale when the Army and Navy needed them, and are sure to form small or large parts of what Uncle Sam can do psychiatrically for veterans. In those rear-area hospitals where doctors sent men who probably could never return to the shooting war, much valuable emotional repair was accomplished by arriving at "ventilation" by hypnosis. Or by "narcosyn- (Continued on page 30)

No veteran wants charity for his family, but many need help.

Here is how thousands are being assisted by the

Legion's Child Welfare Division

Illustrated by
C. C. BEAL



CARING FOR OUR OWN

By Mildred Adams

Remember Ie Shima? Not Iwo—Ie was a smaller action, but the men who fell there died just as dead. And the families they left behind felt just as bad. Leslie Thorn was one of those who fell, a good kid from the Middle West who got his when the first boat hit the beach. Father of a family and all that, but a kid just the same. One of those laughing, ball-playing kids when everything was quiet, but a tough baby when the going got hard.

All right, and so what? Dead on the beach at twenty-six. All his troubles ended. But back home in Iowa the troubles were just beginning. There was the girl he had married when she was only seventeen, and the three kids that had come along, one every two years. Ruth was his wife's name, and the oldest girl was Evelyn, who had red hair and a grin as wide as his. She was his favorite. They were all girls, and the youngest a baby. Tough, when you

think about it. What do people like that do?

There was his pension, of course—\$91.00 coming every month. And his insurance, but that didn't come through so fast. Money in the bank? Not with a young and growing family. Food and rent and clothes, and shoes for three growing girls, all on \$91.00 a month? Could be done in a small town, if you were a good stretcher, and if nothing happened. And Ruth, his wife, had that look of a good manager about her eyes. The kids could go barefoot in the summer and save on shoes. You had to buy clothes for the oldest. The others wore what was handed down—if there was any of the cloth left. They'd manage—if nothing happened.

But whoever heard of a family where

nothing happened? It happened in the Thorn family plenty fast. As a matter of fact, it had started to happen before Leslie Thorn went out on the beach. Ruth had had to have her appendix out in a hurry, and the operation wasn't paid for when he hit Ie Shima. And then Evelyn took sick. They thought at first it was Leslie's death—she cried for days—but that wasn't all. The doctor had a long name for it, the kid's throat swelled, (*Continued on page 42*)

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



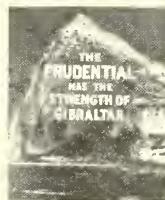
Johnny's going to college

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How to be a CIVILIAN

BY BOB
HOPE

An ace funnyman pinch-hits for the rehabilitation officer, giving out with some facts they forgot to tell you at the separation center

This is Bob (Giving Advice to All You New Civilians) Hope, telling you not to worry about the clothing shortage. Just wrap a horse blanket around your torso, and you'll look like Crosby, only more so.

You know, a few things have happened to men's clothes since you guys went away. Nowadays everybody's wearing the kind of clothes *Esquire* features in those pictures nobody looks at. It's got Crosby so mad he's threatening to put on a hair shirt—only then what would he wear on his head?

Those pages of men's fashions in *Esquire* were a great help to the Army medics, though. When a GI started looking at them, they *knew* he was island-happy.

Informality is all the rage in clothes now. Informality—that's when you wear a \$75 sport coat, \$50 slacks, a \$15 shirt and \$30 shoes, and you still look like a bum.

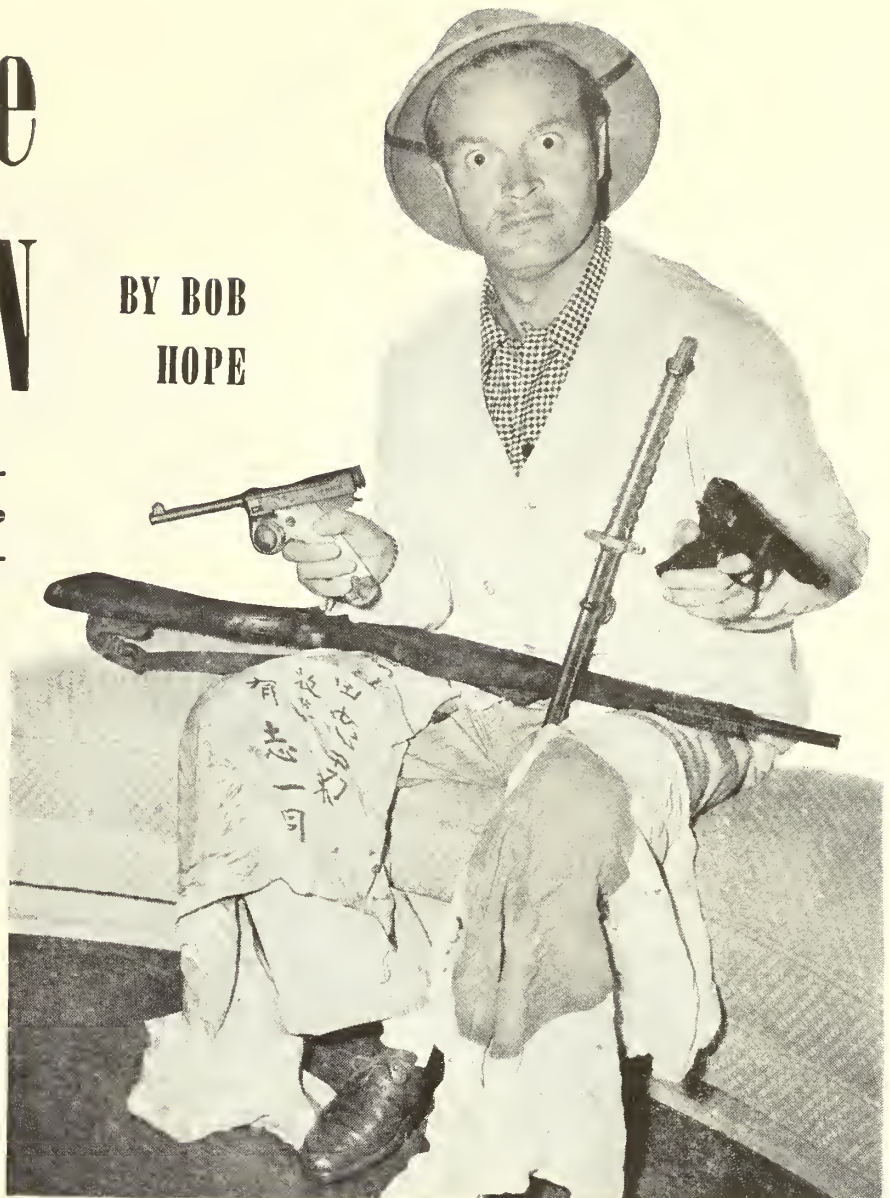
It will be easy for you guys with a lot of campaign ribbons to pick out your civilian clothes. Just throw away your uniform, take your fruit salad into the store and say, "Give me a suit to match these."

I know a fellow who wears a Purple Heart coat with an Asiatic Theater stripe, and Good Conduct pants with two oak leaf clusters.

Somebody thought I was a veteran when I came out of a restaurant the other day, but I explained that the hash marks on my coat were from real hash.

It's wonderful what they're using to make clothes now. I have a post-war suit made of wood. I like it, but every time I try to strike a match on the seat of my pants, a termite sticks his head out and says, "No smoking in the lower balcony, please."

I was out dancing the other night with a girl who was



Here is the author showing how to use one's souvenirs when a mouse runs across the living room rug. Not in picture is the yen he brought home from Japan for Jane Russell

wearing an evening gown made of wood. Once her shoulder strap fell down, and a guy across the room yelled, "TIMBER!"

They're making clothes out of glass, too. A lot of ex-GIs don't know whether to be tailors or glaziers. My main ambition in life is to be a windshield wiper on Jane Russell.

They're even making clothes out of newspapers. They laughed when I sat down to play. How did I know I had a rip in my comic section?

Imagine riding in a bus and sitting next to a girl wearing last night's final edition. You move up close to her and say, "Pardon me, but would you mind lifting your arm? I'm reading a story that's continued on your hip."

Naturally, I don't have to tell you ex-GIs how tough it is to get clothes. After the last war when a guy started looking for a job, he put on a clean white shirt and tried to get an appointment. Now he has to make an appointment to try and get a white shirt.

(Continued on page 44)

PORTRAIT OF A HERO

BY DAN
SAULTS



**Some men are born great, but some,
like that clown Sprite, stick their necks out and
greatness lands on them**

According to all articles on the subject you really get to know a man's qualities in the Army; you learn what he will do under a given set of circumstances. This is a story about a guy who fooled a lot of us and became a hero, but played true to form after all.

PFC Archibald Sprite was a great character, but strictly in the slangy sense of the phrase. Sprite really was his name and he fit it so well he never acquired much of a nickname, just Archie or Sprite, usually prefixed by "that damn."

He was assigned as orderly for a rifle company commander, not fitting anywhere else and being less trouble that way. I inherited him from the previous CO, who had disappeared with most of his company one night in a German counterattack.

Archie really looked like a sprite—a gnome from German folklore or one of Erin's little people. He wasn't over five foot five, though he was sturdy enough without being very broad. His dingy brown hair stuck out from his head in all directions, like quills, and he had huge, pointed, pixie ears. He was so ugly it was startling. His face and forehead were full of freckles, although he was only thirty

years old: his eyes were small and deeply set in his skull, his nose long and sharp, his mouth a thin gash. His teeth were bad and he never looked clean, though he washed as much as any of us—which wasn't too much, at that.

When we were on line he stayed in the company CP and acted as a messenger, went along to guard the company commander on inspections, or pulled guard around headquarters. He couldn't operate a radio and it was dangerous to send him anywhere after dark since he always forgot the password. Many a trigger-happy outpost had taken a shot at him, but he had two or three guardian angels looking after him and the shots always missed.

Sprite fondly believed that he was a coward but God knows where he got the idea. One night, in a difficult sector of the Northern Apennines, he was sent to the out-

Illustrated by
HOWARD BRODIE

Coming back was real hell, flesh flinching instinctively, the air filled with the crack-pop of small arms fire, the weight of the wounded man holding him back, inviting Death

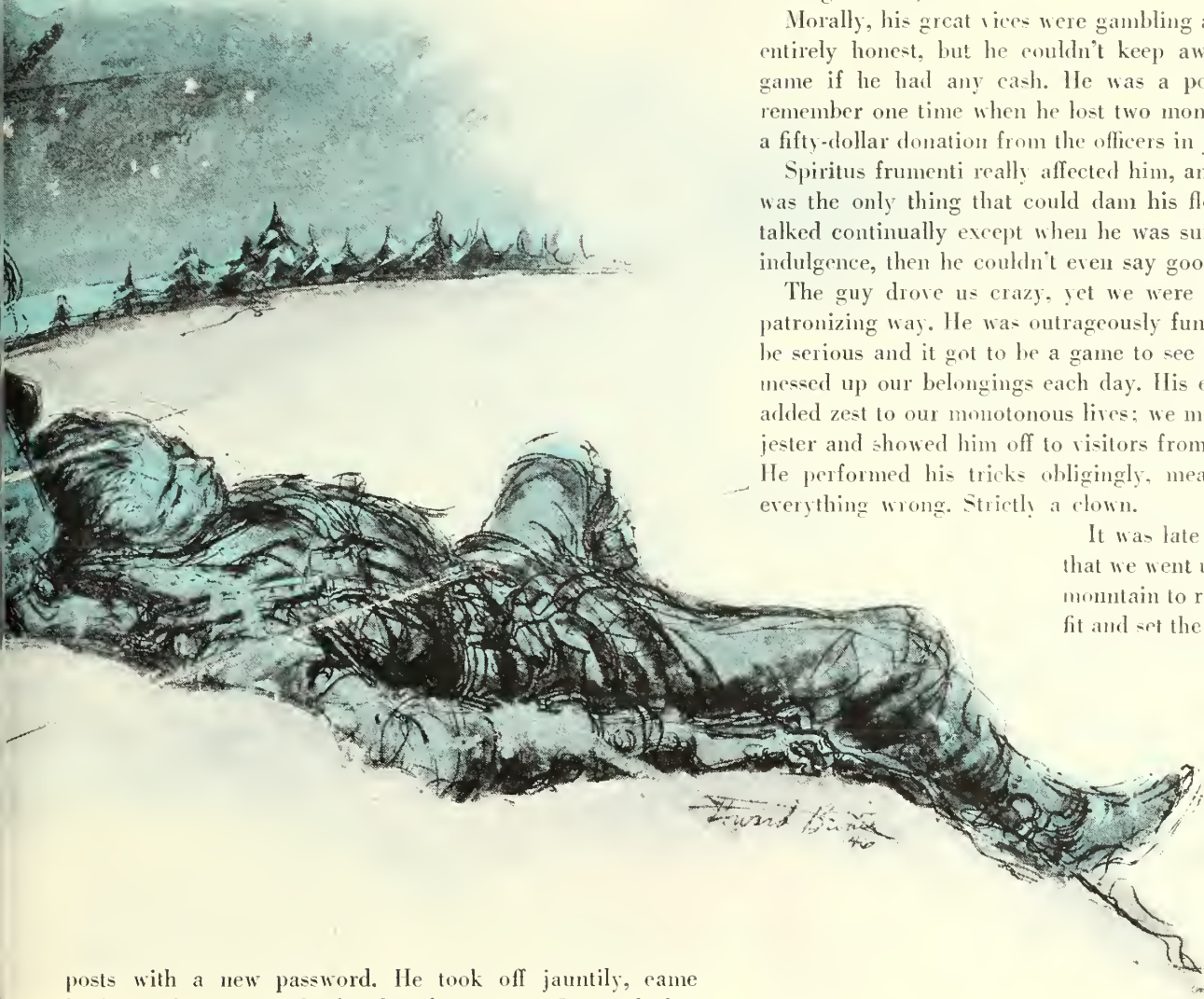
where the house was located. We moved away without our extra garments, too.

Morally, his great vices were gambling and drink. He was entirely honest, but he couldn't keep away from a poker game if he had any cash. He was a poor player, and I remember one time when he lost two months' back pay and a fifty-dollar donation from the officers in just forty minutes.

Spiritus frumenti really affected him, and a bad hangover was the only thing that could dam his flow of chatter. He talked continually except when he was suffering from over-indulgence, then he couldn't even say good morning.

The guy drove us crazy, yet we were fond of him in a patronizing way. He was outrageously funny when trying to be serious and it got to be a game to see how badly he had messed up our belongings each day. His earnest blundering added zest to our monotonous lives; we made him our court jester and showed him off to visitors from other companies. He performed his tricks obligingly, meaning that he did everything wrong. Strictly a clown.

It was late in January of '45 that we went up on an Appenine mountain to relieve another outfit and set the stage for heroism.



posts with a new password. He took off jauntily, came back in thirty seconds for his forgotten rifle, said that somebody must have stolen his helmet and tore out bare-headed just as Jerry laid a mortar barrage on us. Evidently he just strolled through the barrage, because one of the platoon leaders called on the field phone a half-hour later to report Archie had arrived—and had forgotten the new password.

I had him come back, refreshed his memory, damned his ancestry and sent him out again with another runner. When the two got back, the spare told me it was pure hell, walking out in the open, because the Krauts were spraying the path with long-range machine-gun fire. But Archie said he hadn't noticed it. He added that a Sprite was far too cowardly to be a rifleman up there in a foxhole.

But it was off the line that the Sprite really became a nuisance. He got the officers' equipment so messed up that I'd call a meeting once a week to swap things around. He took care of all officers then—six, if we had a full complement, which was rare—and he achieved some amazing results. Once, for example, he took all of our few spare clothes to a native washwoman and then couldn't remember

Our line was close enough to the Po Valley so that the krauts were pretty sensitive to any move along there and they mortared and machine-gunned our positions frequently. Most of our holes were dug out on the forward slope of a big hill, with Jerry sitting across a narrow valley watching us.

There was a lot of snow on the ground and the moon got full a few nights after we arrived. It was the brightest moon ever, with that snow for a mirror, and while it was shining we couldn't move without being shot at.

About three o'clock one morning, when things were brightest, the German machine-guns opened up all over our forward positions, where we had one light machine gun, a BAR and a squad of riflemen. Trying to shoot back, the two men manning our light gun caught a burst from the Kraut MG that killed one and badly wounded the other. Sergeant Jones, the wounded man, needed help; he was bleeding and it was cold. But that moon!

A couple of men tried to get to him, but Jerry was pouring it on. They gave up after one of (Continued on page 49)

Emotion is highly explosive. Sometimes it fires a team to victory, but it can blow a team to pieces

BY H. O. (FRITZ) CRISLER

unknown and most highly explosive quality in the game. In the task of inspiring his players each coach is his own powder monkey, and although I have been coaching many years and majored in psychology in college I don't claim to know too much about it yet.

What I have learned is the result of everyday experience, both good and bad, much like the little boy who went to his grandfather and said, "Grampy, how does one acquire good judgment?" "Why, son, through experience," his elder replied, "Well, Grampy, how does one get experience?" To which the sage replied, "Through bad judgment."

I remember several years ago a team of mine was waiting in the locker room for its pre-game in-



One bright fall Saturday in 1942 an inspired Michigan football team met Notre Dame at South Bend and won the game from a tough foe. One week later a dreamy Michigan football team bowed to an eager Ohio State outfit at Columbus and thereby lost the Western Conference championship.

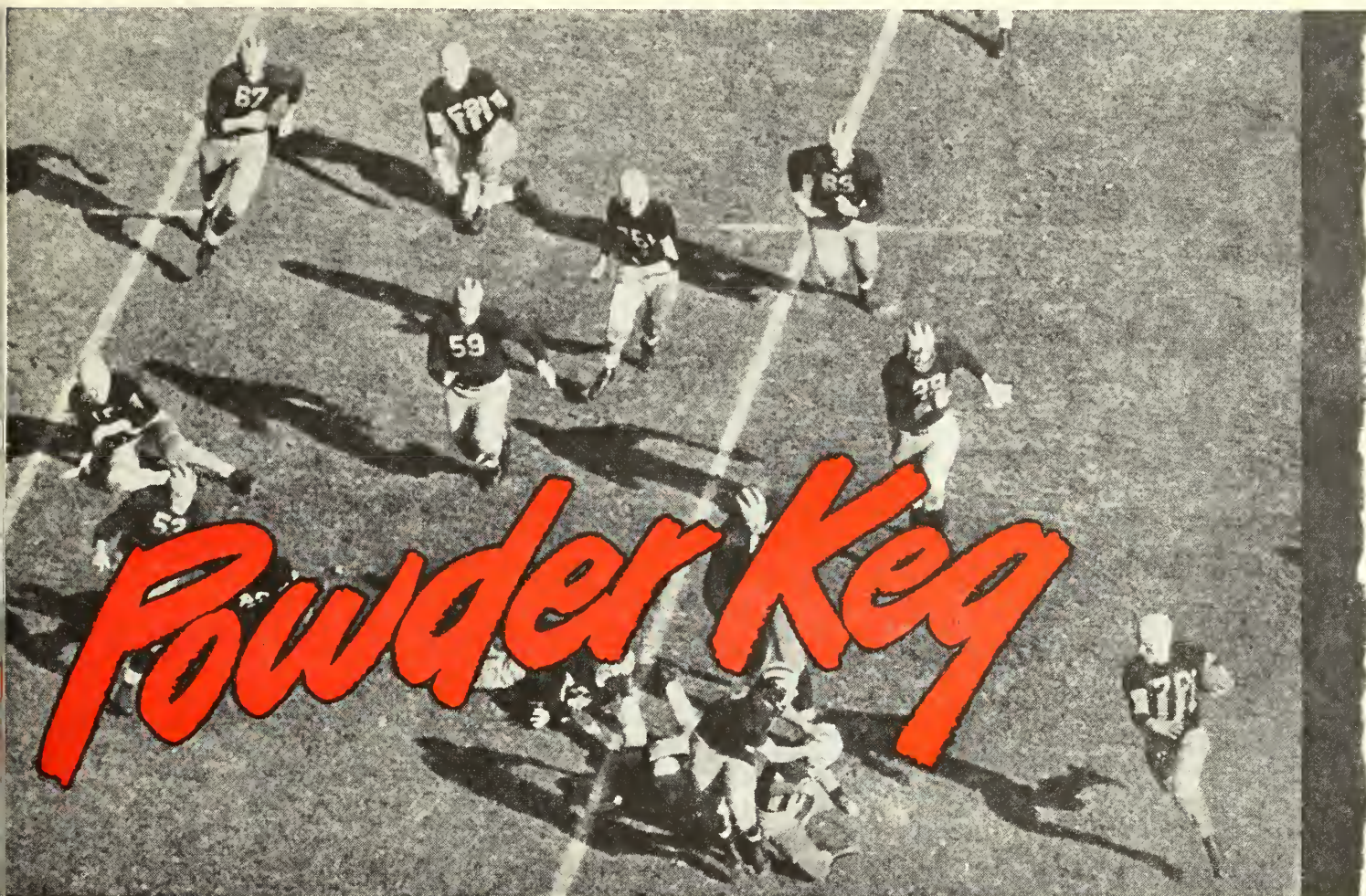
The power and speed of the Michigan players was the same on both Saturdays; their knowledge of the game and of their plays remained the same, yet something was different. They were the same players but not the same team, and the difference was in their attitude. All coaches would like to know why a team will look like a million on one Saturday and appear as a "choose up sides" sandlot team the next, but the truth is that there is simply no guide to how a player or a group of players will act.

To bring the boys to top playing form week after week and have them give it freely to each Saturday's game is the thing we all strive for but never achieve. It may pay off once or twice a season, but it never lasts throughout. Football players are fired or checked by emotion, the greatest

instructions before taking the field to play a team from the South. Some alterations were being made in the dressing quarters at that time so there was only a temporary partition between the opposing teams. The voice of the other coach came through the partition with a high emotional pitch. He was declaring that the forefathers of the players they would face were "damn Yankees" who had violated the honor of the South, ravaged the property of their ancestors and committed atrocities on their mothers, wives, daughters, sweethearts and sisters. Here, cried the opposing coach with a sob in his throat, was the chance to get even for Sherman's March, Appomatox, Gettysburg; to go out and let their feelings go in full payment of the blood debt.

I discarded my own pre-game speech in favor of his, with the smug feeling that something had fallen in my lap. Both teams took the field with the same keying speech. My boys thought it amusing and quite a burlesque. Not so the boys from the South. They kicked the daylights out of the "damn Yankees," five touchdowns to one. There are those who lie

Woe to Michigan. With Captain Evashevski hurt, Illinois is slaughtering his depressed teammates in this 1939 game. But in 1940 (left) Tom Harmon's mates flatten California as a birthday gift to Tom, and he scores on the kickoff



to players to make them play. Not much can be said for the team that has to be lied to, though sometimes it pays off.

It isn't often that something unexpected drops from the blue to help a coach raise a team to fighting pitch, but once a lucky break came my way, disguised as an evil thing. I was coaching at Minnesota in 1931. We were getting ready for Wisconsin at our Homecoming. Early in the week of the game three players received letters written on stationery of a hotel in Madison, Wisconsin, offering a bribe of fifteen hundred dollars each to throw the game. One was halfback Ken MacDougal, now a distinguished attorney; another was a fullback, Jack Manders, who later established many football records in a Chicago Bears uniform, and the third was a guard, our captain and punter, Biggie Munn, who is now an eminent coach at the helm of Syracuse.

As soon as the boys received the letters they appeared one by one at my office. The letters were turned over to the postal authorities and the players were told to forget about it.

Unexpectedly the newspapers broke the story with banner headlines the following day. That afternoon I called the squad together and explained the entire matter. I also suggested that we were on a spot, that many supporters would

believe the three players had actually accepted the bribes if we lost the game. If any one of the three fumbled, missed a tackle, dropped a pass or had a kick blocked he would be accused of selling out. It challenged all of us as a team to win and everyone had to play above his head. Of course, if the three players involved scored it could not be questioned. To that end I gave three new plays, one in which Manders featured, one for MacDougal, and a lateral pass ending up with the guard and captain, Biggie Munn.

Everyone gave his solemn pledge to put everything into it when those plays were called. In storybook fashion Manders, with superb blocking and inspired running, galloped 55 yards to score on his play.

A little later Brad Robinson, end, caught a forward pass fired from midfield and carried it to the 20-yard line, where he lateraled to Munn. The big guard took the ball and bulled his way over for a second grateful touchdown.

MacDougal didn't have a chance to score because he was injured and removed from the game before his play was called. Manders kicked both tries for point to make the score, Alleged Bribe Recipients 14, Wisconsin 0.

There are times when a coach has the good fortune to have players who have the faculty of inspiring a team, or a player around whom players' (Continued on page 47)

REUNIONS

See you at
San Francisco
By MIKE BERRY



"BUT, DARLING —
SHE WAS MY MECHANIC
AT CROYDON "



MICHAEL
BERRY

"I'VE COME TO COLLECT THAT TWO BUCKS
I LOANED YOU IN NORTH AFRICA "



"THE MASK IS FROM THE SOLOMONS,
THE SWORD IS FROM IWO JIMA AND
THE MISSUS IS FROM AUSTRALIA "



"SAY ! DIDN'T YOU FLY A
P-38 IN ITALY ?"

"WHY, CORPORAL MATSON — SAY, YOU
LOOK FINE IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES !"



"WELL, IF IT ISN'T SERGEANT JACK BRIGLY ! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN
DOING SINCE GUADALCANAL ?"

Do you hit clay targets but miss live ones?
Here's the cause and cure by one who knows



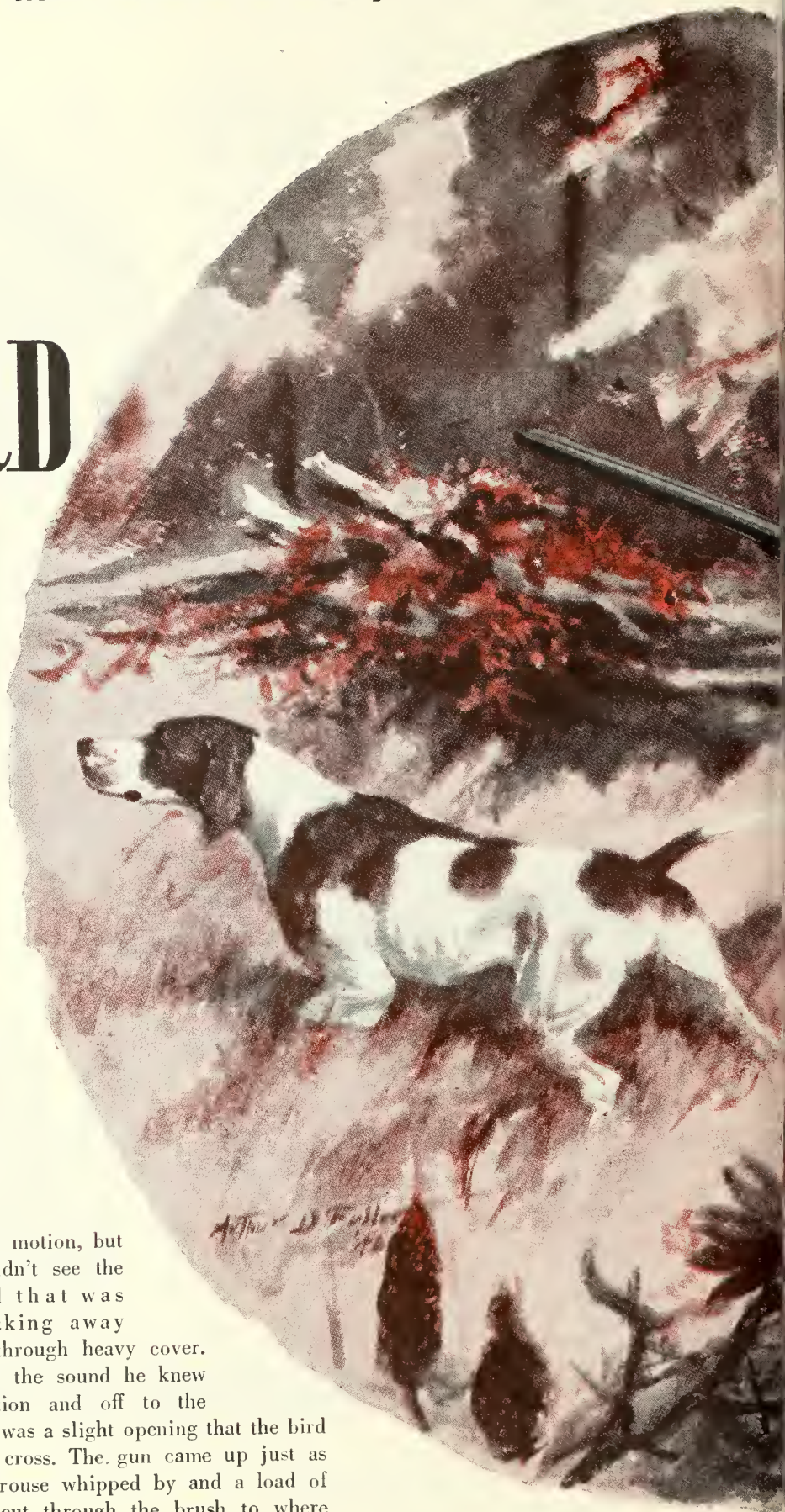
GAMEBIRD JITTERS

By Ray Holland

A high-headed young setter came down the hill through the chestnut sprouts, crossed the old woods road, swung sharply to the left and turned back into the road, his nose questing for scent. Once in the road he paused for a fraction of a second, then dashed on a few yards, paused again, trotted forward and snapped into a picture point. His head and tail were held high and rigid, the only movement was the slight waving of the feather on his tail. He was proud for he was pointing the hardest game for man and dog that this country boasts—an educated ruffed grouse.

Down the woods road came a man. When the dog first checked, this hunter shifted his gun quickly, ready for the fastest of snap shooting, for he knew his game. Before he reached the dog he heard the brief, rapid patter of feet on dry leaves, then the breathtaking roar that these birds can make when they leave the ground. This hunter saw a swirl of leaves that the roaring pinions

set in motion, but he didn't see the bird that was streaking away low through heavy cover. From the sound he knew direction and off to the right was a slight opening that the bird must cross. The gun came up just as the grouse whipped by and a load of shot cut through the brush to where



it should be when the pellets got there—if the brush didn't stop them all.

The man heard no thud of a bird hitting the ground or crash as it fell through the brush, but a feather or two floated back across the opening. Then came the tattoo of rapidly fluttering wings and the man said, "Dead bird!"

When the dog brought the grouse out of the woods and handed it up to the man it is hard to tell which was the happier. I ought to know about

that because I was the man and that was the first grouse this young dog had ever pointed and retrieved. It was a hard shot and I was particularly proud because I had overcome the greatest mental handicap that a bird shooter faces. I had to kill that bird. I couldn't afford to miss. Here was my chance to show this young setter that when he pointed a bird, I killed it. And he had the pleasure of picking it up and bringing it to me. If I missed it might take weeks of training to get him steady on birds again.

Recently I received a letter from a young ex-service man who was having his troubles. He could break clay targets with a shotgun but he couldn't hit the game. In asking for a little help he wrote:

"I am a rank beginner at hunting with a shotgun and I'm pretty much of a failure to date. I thought, sir, that you might be able to give me a few hints that would improve my shooting. My home is in the South, but I never took any interest in bird hunting until I went into the Service.

"There are a lot of quail around Fort Myers, Florida, where I was in training. I became very good at skeet, frequently running twenty-five straight. Then I went bird shooting with one of the older officers—and I wasn't so good. I can't understand it, for those quail didn't look any harder to hit than a clay target.

"Last fall I was invited to visit in New England at the home of a young lady, who is now my wife. Her father took me hunting for what they call partridge up there (ruffed grouse). They are ten times as big as a quail but I never did hit one."

Since the war I have received many letters along a similar vein. Another youngster wrote:

"I'm hot at skeet, but I can't hit quail. What's the matter with me? When a bird gets up, I blow up. Maybe I shut my eyes when I shoot. I wouldn't know. Anyway, I don't hit the birds I shoot at. Out here in Oklahoma there are a lot of quail. I am crazy about the sport, but up till now I have been too busy playing football and basketball to know what I've been missing. Can you give me some dope that will help me? I've read your (Continued on page 39)



Target shooting will teach a man how to handle a gun, but the only thing that will make a good wing shot is practice at game



TO SECURE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY

By John Stelle

National Commander, The American Legion

In peace as in war our people must recognize the necessity for remaining firmly united if we are to remain a prosperous people who have found the way to secure—and to enjoy—the blessings of liberty. History is filled with examples of those nations where a division of purposes has led to the ultimate downfall of hitherto proud peoples.

Our nation has completed its military task in repelling the forces of tyranny and aggression. It has overcome the greed of Japan and Germany where the attempted conquest of the world began with the suppression of tolerance at home. Let us have none of this in America as we work to reconstruct the peace. If America is to complete the job which our military forces passed on to us after they had won success on the field of battle then she must hold fast to that matchless spirit of unanimity which dominated her people in war.

Along with such a goal we must be ever alive to the necessity for retaining true tolerance. To each of us must be given practical expression of the right to seek freedom from fear, freedom from want, continuous religious liberty, and the right to work. Only on such a basis may we reach true unanimity.

We are given once again the opportunity to prove that the Bill of Rights was designed to furnish equality of opportunity for those who are resident here. Scores of thousands of young Americans, repeating and renewing the experience of previous generations, have gone to their graves in a war testing the power of governments such as ours to survive. In keeping the faith with those who died we can do no less than practice true tolerance of the man who is our neighbor, whatever his origin, and without regard to his wealth—or lack of it.

There is a collateral principle which tells us that if we lack tolerance, if we display weakness through dissipation of our strength at home, then we invite trouble from abroad. And the danger signal is flying in the troubled times through which we are passing.

There are those who say we have been invaded already by the agents of those forces which would destroy our form of government. And that is not a fantastic dream. It is grounded in the thought that there are titanic political struggles now being waged by those nations believing, as does ours, that a government guaranteeing individual liberties and tolerant of individual rights, is superior to an intolerant communist nation. To those who believe in America, communism is just as repugnant as were the nazism and fascism of Germany and Japan.

As we come to the 1946 national convention of The American Legion in San Francisco—our Victory Convention—let us dedicate our efforts towards the tolerance that will form a sound foundation for national unity.

Let us keep God in the hearts of our people and our Nation close to the heart of God. Preserve our God-given liberties—our institutions—our sacred traditions. And our great Democracy will survive.

Let each of us, as members of The American Legion, pledge our allegiance to a true spirit of tolerance—to give effect to the rights of the individual. We shall do this secure in the knowledge that we are building truly national unanimity.

Let each of us re-kindle the faith that, in war, led us to fight all the forces of tyranny and aggression. As we do so we shall be ever alert to the insidious danger that rides with communism. This is not a call to seek a Red behind every bush. It is a demand for strong support of our own form of government in this difficult post-war period.

Let us build a unified country on the solid foundation of tolerance.

Let us repel the danger of communism from abroad by building the strength of our own government at home.

And—let us be more godly—be more American—think more of the rights of our fellowman.



BASEBALL was one of the favorite pastimes of the late General Patton. During the pre-invasion days in England the general and his staff played whenever they could find time, the Old Man putting into the game all his characteristic enthusiasm and energy.

A game got under way one afternoon without Patton being present. Major General Hugh Gaffey, Chief of Staff, Third Army, was playing first base for one team and Brigadier General Hobart Gay, Deputy Chief of Staff, was umpiring on bases. In the seventh inning a young captain rapped out a sharp grounder that brought a very close play at first.

"Safe!" shouted Gay.

"He's out!" bellowed Gaffey.

The captain stood by and said nothing. Not so the two generals. The air was blue with their dispute. Suddenly another voice chimed in—one that was soon to goad thousands of men into battle and victory. General Patton had just come onto the diamond as the play in question took place.

"That man is OUT!"

The game continued without another word as the captain ran to the bench.—
By Paul V. Farrell



"What did he do with
WHAT cracker-jack?"

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

They Add *Life* to your Miles

Any honestly made shoe will give many miles of life. But by means of Ankle-Fashioning Nunn-Bush *adds life to the miles*. See what you get when a maker earnestly strives to build the world's finest shoes for men — shoes so inherently designed that they seem to *live* with your feet in action.

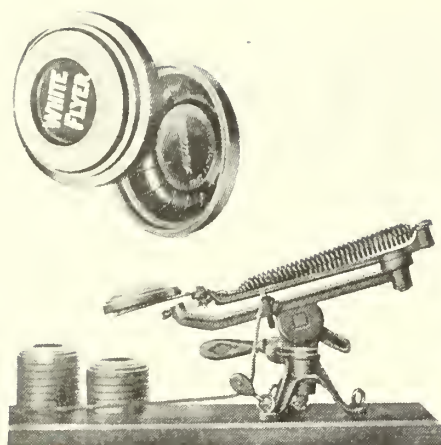
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NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • Manufacturers • MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.



The Ridgeway

Style 2138
Tan Scotch Grain
Heavy Double Sole



Insurance... FOR BAG LIMITS

Why wait 'til the opening day of the season to find out if you're leading properly, sighting accurately, able to hit what you shoot at?

Get out NOW, at your local trap or skeet club. If you don't live near a club, you and your friends can have lots of fun and sharpen your shooting skill with a Western Practice Trap and White Flyer Targets. Light, inexpensive, this trap is thoroughly practical, easy to load and trip. Adjustable to various angles and elevations, it can be locked in position to throw White Flyer targets at uniform speed, angle and elevation.

For upland game practice, ask your dealer for Western Xpert shot shells. For practice at hitting high-flying ducks, use Western Super-X shot shells. Western Cartridge Company, East Alton, Illinois, Division of Olin Industries, Inc.

* * *

CHOOSE THE RIGHT GUN

—a Winchester Model 24 Double Barrel Shotgun. This new Winchester streamlined "double" is remarkably sturdy and efficient. Winchester-Proof steel barrel and precision made throughout. Extremely low priced.



Western
WORLD CHAMPION AMMUNITION



UNSEEN WOUNDS

(Continued from page 15)

thesis"—giving heavy sleeping-drugs with the doctor getting the patient to talk at just the moment when the drug gets to him. But the new idea with the widest future is probably "group-psycho-therapy."

Throwing men with similar complaints together to thresh out their troubles produces very striking advantages. Nothing starts a neurotic off better than to realize others are in the same boat, which group psychotherapy dramatizes in a healthily friendly fashion. And beyond that, doctors think, emotional readjustment actually spreads from man to man in such personal contact.

Actually the armed forces tried it first strictly from necessity. The nation never had had anything like enough psychiatrists for peacetime needs; in 1939 there were only some 3,000 qualified practitioners. Thirty thousand would have been more like it. And the armed forces wanted psychiatrists not only for combat units and hospitals, but for mental hygiene in replacement-centers and boot-camps and for screening draftees. So no function had enough psychiatrists and those available had to be spread absurdly thin. This group-therapy, enabling one doctor to handle a dozen men at once in a crucial part of their treatment, was a must. And by great good fortune, results were so good that many a doctor now prefers to use it by choice.

Selective Service's doctor shortage was as acute as any. Some areas rounded up enough talent for a reasonable job of screening out emotional bad risks. Elsewhere the draftee's psychiatric examination could amount to no more than a walk-through and a couple of questions. Even with such limited opportunities a veteran psychiatrist can tell a good deal and most rejections on NP grounds probably made more sense than scoffers suspected. But many bad risks were undoubtedly missed, to turn up later.

The Navy found it paid to re-screen its

boots in early training. The Army set up psychiatric teams—doctor, case-workers and psychologists—in replacement-centers to help GIs before rather than after they got the jumps. Nobody knows how much was accomplished—prevention is always hard to assess. But most doctors thought it well worth while, and experience gained will be pure gold in handling peacetime armed forces, whether volunteer or drafted.

Yet, curiously, it was eventually learned that the identified NP is not by definition always a useless soldier, even in combat. It seems to depend on what's eating him and what outfit he gets into. In some check-ups men actually booked for discharge got shipped anyway through administrative accident and showed a lower percentage of combat crack-ups than occurred in many an outfit supposed to be made up of emotionally stable personnel. When compiled, the facts behind that should prove a lot in changing screening-methods, now admittedly much too rough and ready.

One likely conclusion—old as war, new again through new facts—is that "combat fatigue" is often just the seamy side of low morale. With a good C. O., time for the rank and file to settle down as comrades in team-work, and a thundering conviction that this is the best damn outfit in the service, shell-happiness drops to a minimum, other things being equal. In the Navy two ships of the same class would fight the same action, and take much the same punishment, with one crew riddled with NP casualties and the other with relatively few. In the Army, though the curve of such casualties closely followed that of non-fatal wounds, the ratio between the two varied from outfit to outfit from one in ten to one in three:

"There are no poor regiments," says the Army's old saw. "Only poor colonels."

The same was true outside combat. Port-battalions or A-A units left behind on womanless, actionless, shadeless Pacific isles, sure the big brass had forgotten them



and they'd never get home till the Pacific froze over and they could walk it, often had trouble with the kind of crack-up called "rock-happiness." "Stay here a week," said a sign on an island I visited last summer, "and go home a freak." But again, the proportion of crack-ups varied so widely under parallel conditions that variations in morale were the only answer.

It is useful knowledge for future wars that, in morale-building, hate-talks didn't pan out well. "The American soldier," one experienced doctor told me, "fights for love, not hate"—meaning that it's affection for his buddies and shoulder-patch and admiration for good officers that give him what General Eisenhower called "his eagerness to close with the enemy."

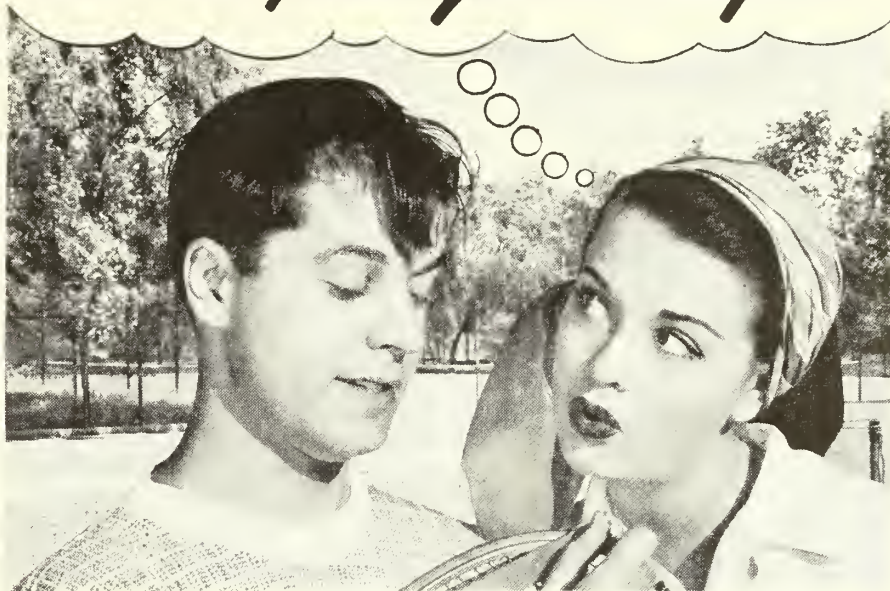
ALL the foregoing, of course, means emphasis on psychiatry in Veterans Administration plans. In the near future regulations will probably permit all NP troubles to be considered service-connected, which implies large, widespread psychiatric facilities, already under way. Mental hygiene clinics for out-patients in larger cities; contracts, often in the same cities, with civilian psychiatric institutions to handle overflow; "neurosis centers" in general hospitals to care for men whose treatment calls for getting away from home environment; American Committee for Mental Hygiene efforts to mesh psychiatric consultation into the states' rehabilitations work . . .

But the core of it, since a clinic without a doctor is silly, is a great training-program to make young doctors and medical students into certified experts in psychiatry. VA funds will help finance their studies and provide good to fine salaries for the finished products. The objective is a thousand new psychiatrists every three years, so, ten years from now, when some doctors expect the peak-load of NP veteran troubles, doubling what was the national supply of psychiatrists in 1939. Pitching in another spot, the American Committee for Mental Hygiene is starting medical schools in two-week seminars for general practitioners—not to make psychiatrists in a hurry, but to give doctors needed briefing on what to look for and how to handle it this side of expert care. That can be very important for veterans among their patients.

Having visited the first of these full-dress training programs at Winter General Hospital, both Hollis E. Bush, National Field Secretary of The American Legion, and Dr. H. D. Shapiro, Senior Medical Consultant, report highly favorable impressions of methods and atmosphere.

Without war's dramatizing of the need of action, no such development might ever have taken place. That's a big break for the former GI who can't quite shed that impulse to dive under a desk every time a car backfires outside.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... LOVE MEANS NOTHING in more things than tennis when a man forgets his hair. How in the world can he comb that tangled mop? It's so lifeless. . . . and that awful loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp! I'm going to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



CAN THIS BE the same man? Yes, and 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. A few drops a day and your hair regains that natural look. It's so easy to comb . . . no more itchiness and loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements the natural scalp oils . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

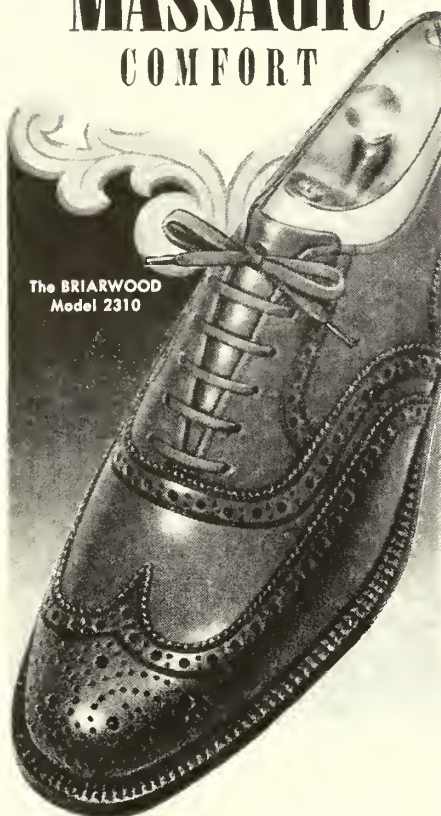
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



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Foot-fatigue vanishes as your feet sink into the refreshing comfort of Massagic's resilient air cushion and supporting Arch Lift. This built-in comfort teams up with smart styling and superior craftsmanship to give Massagic Shoes top rating for good looks and all-around shoe satisfaction.

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MASSAGIC
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He won't change
 from shoes to slippers—
 because he's enjoying
 Massagic Comfort

THE LONG HARD ROAD TO PEACE

(Continued from page 11)

world really want peace. But in the first year all too little has been accomplished.

A further diagnosis of the trouble may point to some of the remedies needed. After all, periods of post-war reconstruction are necessarily prolonged. Following so terrible a conflict as the last, we may expect full ten years of rough weather. Patience is needed; it is better to build right and slowly than to build fast on false foundations.

IN domestic affairs, the great cause of difficulty in reconstruction is always the disposition of Congress to quarrel with the Executive. Nothing could be more natural. In time of war the President necessarily takes control. Congress is compelled by overwhelming pressures to act under his direction. An enforced unity exists under which Senators and Representatives, jealous of their own rights and dignities, silently chafe. The moment they are free they rush to vindicate their independence. After the Civil War, Congress cracked the whip over Johnson and almost ousted him from office. After the First World War it thrust Wilson aside. In 1945 Congress had endured twelve years of Executive domination. What wonder that it revolted against Truman, and with a full docket of postwar problems before it, did almost nothing. Between January and June in 1946 the second session of the Sixty-ninth Congress met only one Administration demand, that for the "full employment" bill; and it diluted that measure beyond recognition.

But if public sentiment exerts itself, Congress—having established its full equality in our governmental system will swing back to co-operation with the Executive. By 1869 it was acting cordially with Grant and by 1921 with Harding. To be

sure, there had been a change of Presidents; but there is nothing in the personality or policy of Truman (himself a new President) to make co-operation difficult. What is needed is a little time for Congress to prove that it is part-boss again; a little tact at the White House; and a strong popular demand for constructive action. Today the business of the country simply will not wait long. The farm problem has not yet been solved on any permanent basis; the labor problem remains acute; long-range planning is needed in a dozen fields. Over us hangs the dark cloud of our colossal debt, and ahead looms the threat of another depression. Barney Baruch, Mr. Truman, the late Wendell Willkie, and others have presented elaborate programs which demand immediate attention. Public opinion can see that it is given.

IN international affairs, the great cause of post-war difficulties has been the tendency of the victor-nations to think of peace as a matter of short-term spoils instead of long-term organization. After a great conflict the old equilibriums are gone and the former boundary-lines are erased or hazy. Jealousy instantly arises, for every great power wishes to make the most of the fluid situation. After the First World War, Italy believed that France and Britain had cheated her; Britain was fearful of the growing might of France, and wished to maintain Germany as a counterpoise; while Poland and the Little Entente bristled uneasily against Russia. They forgot that harmony was more important than petty advantages, and that collective security as embodied by the league offered the only true safety. The United States foolishly preferred isolation to collective security.

Today, with Russia the chief sinner, the



same mistake is being made. With much of Europe in the melting-pot, statesmen let immediate gains obscure the importance of permanent world-unity. Russia has made *de facto* annexations of 273,917 square miles, with a population 24,355,000. These grabs stretch from Petsamo, East Prussia, and Bessarabia on the west to Sakhalin and the Kuriles on the east. The Soviet Union has also brought Poland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, outer Mongolia, and Azerbaijan under virtual domination. Politically and economically, Stalin intends to control all Europe from Stettin on the north to Fiume on the south, all the Balkans, and all northern Asia to Port Arthur. It is not strange that other powers are alarmed and resentful. Some of them have made their own little grabs; and the result is that petty quarrels over balance and control take precedence over the construction of a permanent union for peace.

IT is essential to turn back to the true light, the light that was lost after the First World War but that must not be lost again.

The one great gain of the year has been the successful launching of the United Nations. If it is but an infant, it is a far lustier infant than we had a right to expect. The Security Council, which is in permanent session, has shown that it could and would investigate the grievances of weak nations. It defended Iran better than she defended herself. It probably forestalled a Russian move against Turkey. The Assembly has come into vigorous existence. With Canada and Australia in the lead, the small nations have insisted that they shall be heard, and heard to good effect. Preliminary steps have been taken to create the international police force. The whole organization has every promise of growth and power. The United States was its principal creator, and is ready to be its leading champion.

With the atomic bomb as a reserve weapon, and with the United Nations as an implement of peace, why should the United States not embark on a strong policy in defending the principle that short-term spoils must be put aside in favor of long-term organization? This is something to fight for; and when the American people have an object to fight for, they can be united, tough, realistic, and disciplined. We may well say to Communism: Thus far and no farther. With the British Commonwealth, Scandinavia, and other democratic nations beside us, we can be as dynamic in the cause of popular freedom and world peace as any totalitarian power in behalf of its own system. We must be ready to struggle continuously for the idea of one world. Mr. Truman hit the mark in his Army Day speech: "The United States today is a strong nation. There is none stronger. . . . With such strength we have to assume leadership and accept responsibility."



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Your initial investment need not be large. You can start out with one or two United Motors lines, and add others as you grow. United Motors will help you with such details as selecting the right location, the right stock, the right equipment. The latest technical information is provided, and individually planned sales programs work for you continuously to boost your business and profits. These valuable, practical aids are based on years of experience in merchandising leading automotive parts.

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United Motors lines provide a *solid foundation* for your business. They consist of the same fast-moving, dependable parts that are original equipment on more than half the nation's cars. Car owners everywhere know and accept such well-known names as Delco-Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition—Delco Batteries—Delco Hydraulic Brakes—Delco Radios—AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers—Delco Shock Absorbers—Guide Lamps—New Departure Ball Bearings—Klaxon Horns—Hyatt Roller Bearings—Harrison Radiators, Thermostats and Heaters—Inlite Brake Lining.

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EXPRESS**
Travelers Cheques

IT'S A GOOD QUESTION

(Continued from page 13)

They chuckled over that as they went down in the elevator. Jimmy began to think about the question he was going to ask her, and he fought to recall those exact words—“extending his escort service—”

“You’re mighty quiet today,” Kitty said, looking up at him with those enormous blue eyes. “You aren’t worried about a hold-up, are you?”

He snorted. “I just wish somebody’d try to hold up this little party.” He wondered to himself if it would be immodest to tell her about the medal for being the best pistol shot in his class. He kept it in his drawer at home and was very proud of it. Just let anybody try to hold them up. Let anybody try to harm Miss Kin-cannon—just let them try. In his mind’s eye he could see himself standing calmly in a hail of bandit bullets, making every shot count. First the tires, then the driver, then . . .

They turned the corner, went down a side street. “Aren’t you going to talk at all?” she asked.

He blushed. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I was

thinking.” This was going to be tough, he thought.

“Oh, fine,” she said. “Tell me.”

He turned, regarded her gravely. “Well, to tell you the truth, it was about you.” He waited for her to say something cute, but for once she surprised him by merely looking expectantly at him. He sought refuge in the carefully rehearsed question he had prepared. He put everything else out of his mind and began: “Miss Kin-cannon, there’s a question I’d like to put to you.”

That was a good start he thought.

BUT he didn’t finish, for suddenly things began to happen very fast. Jimmy saw a man in a dark suit step out of a doorway and lunge toward Kitty, his hand outstretched to grab the little satchel she carried. At the same instant she gave a little cry as she looked past his shoulder to the curb. There was the sound of a car, very close to the sidewalk. The dark-suited man grabbed at the satchel. Jimmy reached for his gun just as he heard Kitty

THE STELLE HOMECOMING



More than ten thousand people—old friends and neighbors joined by hundreds who poured in by special trains—jampacked the streets of McLeansboro, Illinois, on Saturday, June 8th, to do honor to a native son. It was the official homecoming for John Stelle, National Commander of The American Legion, and a red-letter day in the history of the county-seat town in “Little Egypt” where six generations of the Stelle family have lived since 1816. Sponsored by McLeansboro Past, which the National Commander helped to organize, the celebration was patterned in miniature after the festivities of a pre-war Legion National Convention. Governors Dwight Green of Illinois and Ralph Gates of Indiana, both Legionnaires, joined their national leader, himself a former Governor of the Sucker State, to head a mile-long parade through the town to the county fair grounds, where there were public speaking, races, carnival and county fair entertainment, and plenty of the good old-fashioned picnic spirit, winding up with an Army ground and air show and a popular radio National Barn Dance Company imported from Chicago.

Better fishing is coming your way



1870 Good freshwater fishing is coming closer and closer to your door. If plans now afoot succeed, fishing spots should soon be as plentiful for you as they were for your grandfather 'way back in 1870—when Corby's was a 12 year-old Canadian name.



1910 Your dad saw U.S. fish life at its lowest point. Stream pollution by factories and cities, along with indiscriminate fishing by trap line and net, had reduced good fishing to a relatively rare sport as Corby's reached its 52nd year of Canadian fame.



1920 Steps were taken by state and Federal authorities to save fishing as a national pastime. Catches were limited and fish hatcheries were built for re-stocking streams and lakes. Fishing started its comeback as Corby's became a 62 year-old Canadian tradition.



1946 The future is bright for fishermen everywhere. The wily trout, fighting bass, and delicious perch are back in their haunts of old. And as you assemble your tackle for your next fishing trip, *lay in a bottle of Corby's*. This light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name is sure to be a welcome addition to the party!



CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

Just the *kiss*
of the hops... *not the harsh*
bitterness



Copy, 1940, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

scream at him in renewed alarm. "Look out Jimmy!" she cried.

He was so enraged by the sight of her struggling with the man over the satchel that he did not turn. Just as his gun came out he felt a stunning blow behind his left ear and bright lights flashed before his eyes. He tried to turn then and he was hit again. This time he felt everything begin to go dark. He heard somebody cry, "Jimmy" and his legs gave way when the third blow struck. He was unconscious when he hit the pavement.

JIMMY was aware of a fierce pounding in his head even before he opened his eyes. There was a loud buzzing in his ears. He opened his eyes and looked up. There were a lot of people standing around, and a policeman pushing them back. Somebody spilled some water in his face and he gasped and protested feebly. Then he saw it was Kitty, and he stopped struggling and tried to get up.

"Take it easy, Jimmy," she said. He looked at her, saw that her coat was torn and one stocking had a long and hopeless run.

"What happened?" he gasped. "They slugged me. Did they get away?"

The policeman came over and stood looking down at Jimmy. He saw it was Burkett, from his precinct. "Hullo, Burk," Jimmy said. "What happened?"

Burkett knelt beside Jimmy and helped him up. "Happened? Why, nothing happened. Nothing—much."

"Did they get away?"

He pointed down the street silently. Jimmy looked. About a hundred yards down the block a little knot of people were standing around the smoking wreck of a car. While he watched, a police ambulance came clanging up and pulled alongside.

"Got 'em," Jimmy exulted. "But who did it? I didn't."

Burkett looked over at Kitty with something like reverence. "Ask the lady here. She'll tell you about it."

Kitty seemed self-conscious. She looked adorable, even with her black hair hanging over one eye. "I figured you'd get in trouble if they got away," she said. "So I picked up your revolver and shot at the car as they went down the street."

Jimmy tore his eyes away from hers and looked inquiringly at Burkett. Burkett said solemnly, with a little nod. "One in the left tire, one in the right and then she got the driver. Three shots. That's as neat a piece of shooting as I ever saw."

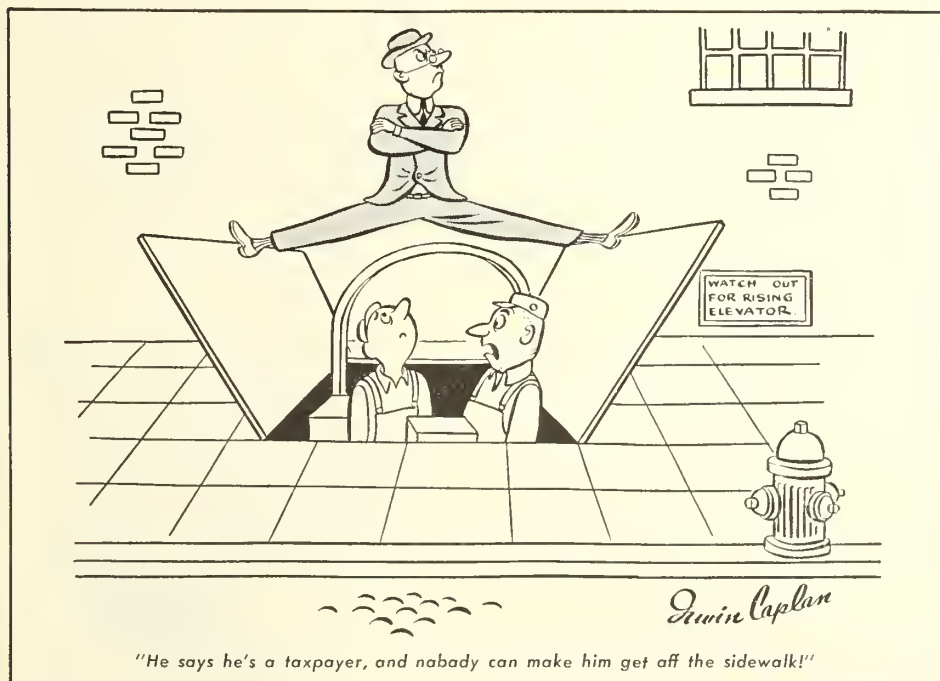
Jimmy's eyes were wide. "Gosh!" he said, and then "Gosh!" again. "Where'd you learn to shoot like that?"

IT WAS her turn to blush now, and she did it beautifully. In a very small voice she said, "I was in the Marines for a while. We used to practice sometimes. I've got a medal in my drawer—"

Just then Burkett commandeered a passing car and they all got in and drove to the precinct house. On the way Jimmy found himself looking into the blue depths of Kitty's eyes with no-longer concealed admiration. Suddenly she said, "Say, you never did ask me that question. What was it?"

Jimmy thought about it a minute and then grinned. "I was going to say something about making a long-term project out of protecting you, but the way things happened, I dunno—seems as if it ought to be the other way around. What do you think?"

She smiled gravely at him. "It's a good question," she said, but her answer was shining there in her eyes.



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Sports Varieties



PACIFIC Coast baseball enthusiasts will never forget Happy Hogan's "sacrifice" method of overcoming a tough pitcher. Hogan, one of the most picturesque characters in the west, was managing a Pacific Coast League ball club one year. On this particular day, his players were unable to hit the opposing pitcher with a farmhouse door. After seeing his batters take futile swings in the bright California ozone inning after inning, Hogan finally went over to the mound and squirted a stream of tobacco juice right in the opposing pitcher's perspiring face. Of course the hurler flew into a rage and tossed his best Sunday punch at Happy.

Both men were promptly chased out of the game by the umpire. As they left through the dugout, Hogan wrapped an arm around the pitcher's reddened neck.

"Don't be too sore about it, Jack," chirped Happy. "I had to get you out of there some way."

either. He's got something better in just a plain, ordinary hook, but not the kind you think. When Jupe went golfing in April, 1943, he hooked a shot into an irrigation ditch and knocked out a twenty inch, six pound trout.

Weird things happen in the world of sports. Some occur by chance, others are the deliberate result of cupidity, or the accidental outcome of cupidity that backfires. Sports announcer Jocko Maxwell, of station WWRL, on Long Island, insists the incidents on this page really happened.

WILLIE WHITTHORNE, a San Francisco golfer, assumed what he thought was a perfect stance on the 15th green. Suddenly he felt a stinging sensation in his back. He pulled out an arrow. A girl's archery class was practising nearby and one fair damsel had scored a bullseye on Willie's putting stance.

RAY KENNEDY, business manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who formerly served in similar capacity for the Newark Bears, recalls how a former Newark catcher, Bill Baker by name, learned that baseball is not hop-scotch and how to control his temper. Baker had a habit of bouncing the ball on the plate when he didn't like an umpire's decision. In a game with Baltimore when he bounced the ball on the plate it bounded high over his head and a runner scored from third base.

JUPE WALLIN, an unwitting fisherman of Ashland, Oregon, doesn't care for dry flies. He doesn't care for wet flies

EVER hear of a jockey being left at the post? Every jockey tries his best before the start of a race to keep as much weight as possible off the back of his mount. Sometimes they do it by standing in the irons for most of the post parade. A while back a boy named Dennis Birley attempted to put the smallest possible weight on the back of his thoroughbred, Stimulitha, before the start of a race at Stamford Park. When the horse filed into the starting gate young Denny stood with his feet on the partitions of the starting stalls, leaving no weight on the horse's back.

The horses broke and there was no jockey on Stimulitha. Denny's mount ran well up in front of the pack and the embarrassed Birley was still standing on the stall gate, wearing a very bewildered look.—By *Jocko Maxwell*



GAMEBIRD JITTERS

(Continued from page 27)

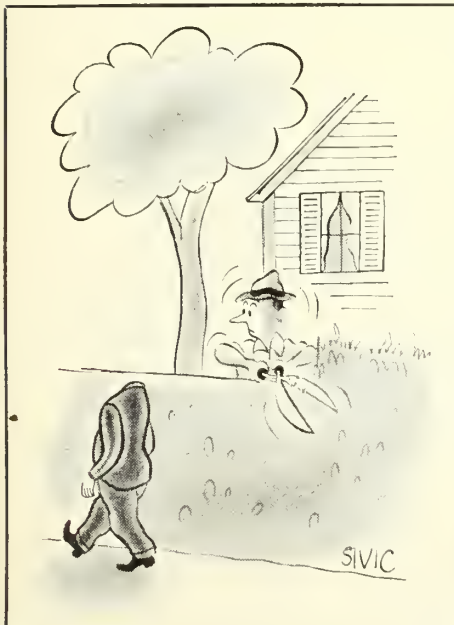
books and tried to follow the advice about not jerking the trigger, leading and swinging with the flight of the bird, but I'm still missing 'em."

All of these letters were along similar lines but two samples will suffice. The reasons and the cure are simple and the same prescription can be applied right down the line. There is no reason why a man who can break twenty-five straight targets at skeet cannot become a good wing shot. Yet the world is full of good target shots who fall down miserably when they try "shooting flying" as the British call it. And, of course, many good target shots are crack shots at game.

NO SPORT calls for greater coordination of eye, mind and muscle than wing shooting. Therefore nerves are the most important factor, and nothing will upset your nerves more than the desire to possess. It is atavistic for a man to kill game. For centuries our forebears killed game to survive. When a bird flushes, we want that bird and the desire to possess is likely to throw everything haywire.

All summer I shoot crows for sport and also because they are the worst predatory fowl with which game birds have to contend. I am a much better crow shot than game shot. I don't want that crow, I just want to hit him and I know how. These birds offer every imaginable kind of target, but I know the answers. I know the answers that will kill game birds as regularly, but I can't always apply them.

Last winter I had a crippled quail in heavy grass and palmetto. We had spent a long time trying to flush this bird and the dogs were unable to pick up any scent. Finally I walked back to the exact spot where I had seen the bird go down and



GEORGE ROBSON wins *Indianapolis Race with dependable* **CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS**

TELEGRAM

Indianapolis, Ind., May 30, 1946

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Many thanks to Champion for their wonderful spark plugs which helped me win the Indianapolis 500-Mile Race today stop the Champion Spark Plugs in a Thorne Eng. Special performed perfectly without a change all through the race.

GEORGE ROBSON



Once again Champions were proved Champions in fact as well as in name in the 1946 Indianapolis 500-Mile Race. Dependable Champion Spark Plugs equipped the winning car, the first six to finish, and nine of the ten money winners. George Robson, the winner, averaged 114.820 m.p.h. In the last 19 races, eighteen winners and 177 out of 190 cars finishing in the money were Champion equipped—irrefutable evidence that Champions are the choice of experts.



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Who wears 'em? More than a million well dressed Americans have worn Homeland made-to-measure clothes—men in all walks of life; all parts of the country; business men, bankers, governors of States, Congressmen, Senators, high ranking Army and Navy officers—men who appreciate fine clothes and understand good values.

Who makes 'em? Homeland Tailors, Inc. of Baltimore have been in business more than 20 years making fine made-to-measure clothes sold direct to the consumer through men like me. They guarantee satisfaction and they live up to that guarantee.

Who sells 'em? Men like you who have what it takes to go into business for themselves—men who work when and where they please, full time or part time—men whose earnings depend entirely on their own efforts.

While no sample lines are available now, when production permits, we want to give ex-servicemen first chance. Write now for details.

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BALTIMORE (3), MARYLAND

started kicking around in the grass. Up came the quail right in my face and scared me so that I squirted both barrels at him before he had gone far enough to let the shot spread. If I had hit him I would have blown him to pieces. After my gun was empty I could have shot him a half-dozen times, as he floundered through the air with both legs trailing. I wanted that hurt bird. The flush startled me and I blew up.

MEN who hunt ruffed grouse spend much of their spare time talking about how hard these birds are to hit and how fast a man must be with a gun to grass them before they are out of range. The fellow who hunts them day after day until that desire to possess is under control doesn't have that trouble. Walk through grouse woods during closed season and watch the birds as they flush. There is usually a chance for a good clean kill—an easy shot. Carry a cane or cut a stick and aim at every bird. You will be surprised how easy they seem, when the eyes and the mind and the muscles aren't handicapped by nerves.

The racket that a grouse makes when he leaves the ground has much to do with making him hard to hit, for he will startle the most seasoned hunter. He will often make more noise than a whole covey of quail flushing. And I hope he keeps on scaring me, for that thrill is one of the things that makes him a grand game bird. When grouse get you to the point where you want to bite yourself, take the shells out of your gun and aim at a few of them. Do a little dry shooting, then load up and kill what you want and go home happy.

The same thing applies to quail or any other game bird. Last fall I was quail shooting with an old friend who was having a bad day. He was jittery and having missed a couple of hard shots he blew up and couldn't hit the easy ones. This man was ordinarily a better than fair quail shot,

but this wasn't his day to bring them down.

"Let me take your gun," I said to him. "I'm going to put a couple of empty cases in it and you try shooting an empty gun at them for a time or two."

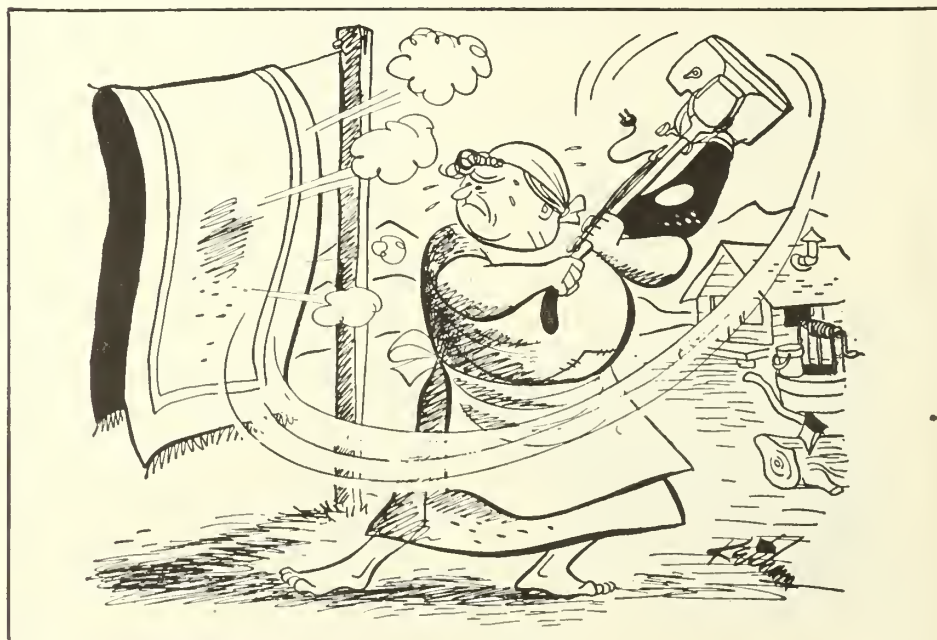
Every time he'd drop the hammer on an empty shell, he'd comment, "I would have plastered that one."

As soon as he would pull on a bird and I'd hear the hammer fall I would take his gun, break it and pick up the ejected empty and put it back in again. On the fourth dud I slipped in a loaded shell, but said nothing to him about it. We had a covey well scattered and when my pointer looked up on a single, I told my friend to walk in and shoot his empty gun at the bird when it flushed.

He killed his bird dead, hitting it squarely with the center of the pattern. It was no easy target. The quail came out strong, flying low and bending to the left, but this man knew how to shoot and he wasn't worrying for fear the bird would get away. The only bad feature of this lesson was that he wasn't holding his gun as firmly as he would have been if he had known he was going to fire, and it rode up on his cheek and bruised him a little. That, however, was of small moment, for he finished out the day, shooting at his usual speed.

TRAP shooting, either skeet or down the line, becomes mechanical—unless there is a strong wind blowing. Even then the gunner knows when the target is coming out and approximately where it is going. He knows its speed and his timing has become habit. Clay targets don't dodge around brush, or duck, dart and twist. Target shooting will teach a man how to handle a gun, but the only thing that will make a good wing shot is practice at game.

There are three recognized ways of shooting a shotgun at flying game. The snap shot mounts his gun with both eyes open



and on the target. He pulls the trigger as the butt of the gun seats firmly on his shoulder. This is the only successful way to hit birds in heavy cover, but it takes a lot of practice to become proficient, for unless a bird is going straight away from the gun, you never shoot right at him. You must shoot above a rising bird and under one that is pitching down. If a bird is drifting ever so slightly to right or left, you should allow for it, and if he is moving at right angles to the gun you have to snap well ahead of him.

THE half-snap is usually better practice and from this form of shooting a man easily falls into snap-shooting when it is necessary. In the half-snap a man throws his gun to his shoulder as in snap-shooting but he pauses just a fraction of a second to make sure he is right and to move his gun slightly up, down or sideways to compensate for the lead necessary to hit the bird.

Deliberate swing-shooting is always more accurate when birds are out in the open and travelling in steady flight. In this form you mount your gun, swing on your target and squeeze the trigger as you pass the target, keeping the gun moving. This is especially effective at birds going off sharply to right or left. Don't stop the swing as you pull the trigger or you will miss, for the bird will fly on—ahead of the shot.

TO THE amateur it seems ridiculous, with the speed of modern ammunition, that it should be necessary to shoot ahead of a bird flying across your front at a mere thirty yards distance. It's fact. Take a pencil and do some figuring. The bird is probably flying forty miles per hour. You decide to shoot and your brain tells your trigger finger to pull. The trigger is pulled. Then the hammer has to fall before the shot can start. The shot has to travel



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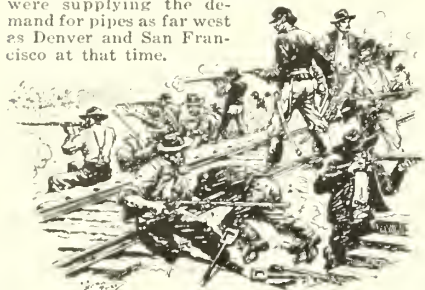
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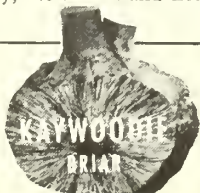
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ninety feet. All of these operations take a little time and you will find that their total has given the bird time to go several feet on his way. The swinging gun with its follow-through takes care of all these items except the time it takes the shot to go from gun to bird. The snap-shooter has to be able to figure all this out as he mounts his gun. I can't tell you how far to lead

in snap-shooting, for no two men coordinate or react exactly alike. Practice is the only thing that will make a good snap shot and it takes a lot of it. The swinging gun puts the slow man and the fellow who shoots like a flash, on an even basis. Keep as cool as you can. Don't let yourself tighten up. Shoot as quickly as you can, but don't hurry. Good luck!

CARING FOR OUR OWN

(Continued from page 16)

she ran a fever, and finally he said "operation."

Any fool knows that \$91.00 a month won't take care of four people and an operation. You can have either, but not both.

It was then that the Legion came into the picture. Not a miracle or anything, though you might have thought so to hear Ruth go on, but just the good old home town Legion. One of the men from Leslie's company went to see her, and then went to Post Headquarters. He knew somebody had to do something, and he figured the Legion was the place to start. As he told it, his father was a Legionnaire, and so was Leslie's father, and he'd always known the Legion would stand behind you when you got in a jam. Leslie had always talked about joining the Legion as soon as he got out of the Army, so maybe the Legion would help take care of one of its granddaughters who was in a tough spot. And if not, they'd know where Ruth could go for help.

The Post Child Welfare Chairman happened to be at Headquarters. When he heard the story he went off with Leslie's buddy that minute, without his hat, to see for himself.

It would have done your heart good to see that local Post swarm into action. Before they got through they had the Auxiliary on the job, and then they called in the National Headquarters and the

Forty and Eight. Together they all shouldered the problem, and by now they have Evelyn back from the hospital and getting better. She's still a little pale, but her grin is wider than ever. They got the bills all paid. Leslie's insurance all straightened out, and Ruth with her application in to join the local Auxiliary Unit as the widow of a veteran and the daughter-in-law of a Legionnaire. The Post and their wives can keep an eye on the family better that way. And there's no way of expressing Ruth's gratitude.

This is only one story out of thousands, a true story except for names and places, of the way the Legion stands behind its own, whether they are the veterans of this world war or the last one, whether they are the wives or the children of veterans. They have been working for children for twenty-five years, and they have piled up a record that ought to make a set of golden stairs to heaven for the people who have had a hand in it. By this time they have the "know-how" that makes it possible to help with the least possible fuss and trouble.

It isn't charity the way the Legion does it. No fighting man wants charity for his children, with a cold crust and a penny-pinching eye. But every fighting man knows that he or his family could need help—the kind of help that Leslie Thorn's wife Ruth and daughter Evelyn needed, and got.



"I'll bet you thought we had raspberry ice cream today, didn't you, Mrs. Rynick!"

KIWI delivers something special

"Special delivery, Mrs. Grant. What a lovely morning."

"Bright as the shine on your shoes. How do you keep them like that?"

"Ah, that's KIWI. Gives a wonderful shine. Good for your shoes, too, because its rich waxes get right down into the pores of the leather, keep it soft and supple."

"Thanks for the tip . . . I must get KIWI myself."

"You certainly should. And count on KIWI for something special to keep that well groomed appearance."

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LADIES—Here's a perfect gift for that certain man!

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Chain of Command

Mrs. Mary Sandman, of Chicago, sent a letter with \$10 in it to President Truman.

The President forwarded it to the commanding officer of the USS Absdi.

The commanding officer gave it to a lieutenant.

The lieutenant gave it to an ensign.

The ensign gave it to a seaman first class.

The seaman first class gave it to the cook.

As a result, Sailor John Edward Sandman had a big fancy cake for his birthday.—By Harold Helfer

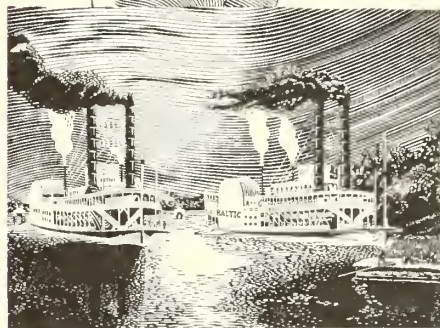
Or the kind of help Matt Pierce needed. Matt was an able-bodied seaman, always a steady worker and a good provider until he got hurt in the Navy. Wrenched his back on a balky winch, and was invalided home. Then, while he was still in the hospital, his family struck the toughest piece of hard luck they'd ever known. All four children got sick at once, and there was a fifth baby on the way. Matt was out of his wits with worry, and couldn't bear to lie around waiting for his back to mend. Yet without a well back he wasn't any good.

He didn't know the Legion would help with the kids, but he had to spill over to somebody, and one of his Legion friends came to see him at the hospital. He got there just in time. That family had plenty of trouble. Mary Ann had an infected eye. Elizabeth had had a cold all winter. Lucile cried every night with earache. Albert was down with the mumps, and Mrs. Pierce was due to go to the hospital to have a new baby. Temporary help was all they needed, but they needed it quickly. And they got it. The Post and the Unit worked out a joint plan for three month's aid and got it approved by National Head-



September, 1946

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After all, there's nothing like the satisfaction of clothes made just for you—tailored to your own measure and styled to your own taste.

And STRAND's modern tailoring methods and direct sales plan enables you to enjoy that satisfaction at prices that are surprisingly modest.

A good selection of fine quality, all-wool fabrics! Any style you may desire. Tailored to your own individual measurements.

STRAND made-to-measure clothes are sold through men who call on you at your home or place of business. If no STRAND man has approached you, drop us a line and we'll try to put you in touch with one.

For the future we're planning to offer the STRAND franchise to men like you who want to go into business for themselves. If interested, write for details.

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quarters. That gave them a chance to breathe. And just to celebrate, the fifth child turned out to be a boy.

Matt's troubles aren't over yet—it looks as if he'd have to have an operation on that back—but he's a lot more cheerful and he has a better chance to come out of the operation successfully. The children are playing around as gay as puppies in the sun, and Mrs. Pierce is almost ready to go back to the job she left when she went to the hospital. Meanwhile, the Legion and the Auxiliary are standing by.

The Legion set up its Child Welfare Division in 1925, and it has lent a hand to more than seven million children in these twenty years since. Lent a hand not by popping them into an institution, which might have seemed the easier way, but by keeping them with their own mothers in their own homes. Legion people know that even a mother with too much to do can take better care of her children than the best institution can. Somehow you

can't get mother love out of an efficiency chart, and no child can do without it. So the Legion has pledged itself to see to it "that no child of a veteran will be without the necessities of life required to insure a child a SQUARE DEAL. As first in such a program The American Legion places preservation of the American family home."

This helping children is a business that takes cooperation, and good will, and a knowledge of the facilities that exist in the town and in the nation. The Legion has a trained and skilful staff at National Headquarters where questions go and are answered, and help given, when the problem is too big for Post or Department to handle alone. Its reputation among welfare agencies (that cold phrase that covers some of the warmest hearts and wisest heads in the country) is at the peak of excellence. The Legion cares for its own, and every Legionnaire has a right to be proud of the way it does it.

HOW TO BE A CIVILIAN

(Continued from page 19)

I don't know just how bad the situation is, but the last week I got two buttons back from the laundry without any shirts on them.

One ex-GI heard about the clothing shortage while he was overseas and brought back a pair of kilts from Scotland. The first time he wore them on a streetcar, a woman in slacks got up and gave him her seat.

It will be easier to get clothes now that the war plants are reconverting. Lockheed is starting to make long underwear—they just lower the wing spread a little and leave the bomb-bay door right where it was.

The companies that made girdles for

the WACs are making them for civilian gals now. Reconversion was a snap for them.

I got a new pair of pajamas the other day. They're made by a company that manufactured parachutes during the war. I guess the pajamas are all right, but I don't like the idea of having to count ten every morning before I take the pants off.

Some manufacturers aren't reconverting. The guy who made those Mae West life-saving jackets during the war hasn't changed over. He's just calling them Jane Russells now.

But I'm getting away from the subject of how to be a civilian. The first thing



"No, I don't want'a be buried—but I couldn't find a place to sleep last night, until I seen this camfy-lookin' caskit . . ."

you have to do, of course, is take a re-orientation course. Reorientation—that's an old Army expression meaning, "Put away that chocolate bar. You have to have nylons here."

After that comes redistribution. That's an Army term meaning, "Let's push them around just once more before we let them go home."

Then you finally get home. Home—that's a place where you can go to the bathroom alone.

Some fellows have trouble getting used to being home, though. One ex-GI won't let his wife go through his pants pockets for his pay anymore. Now they get out the dice, and she fades him for it.

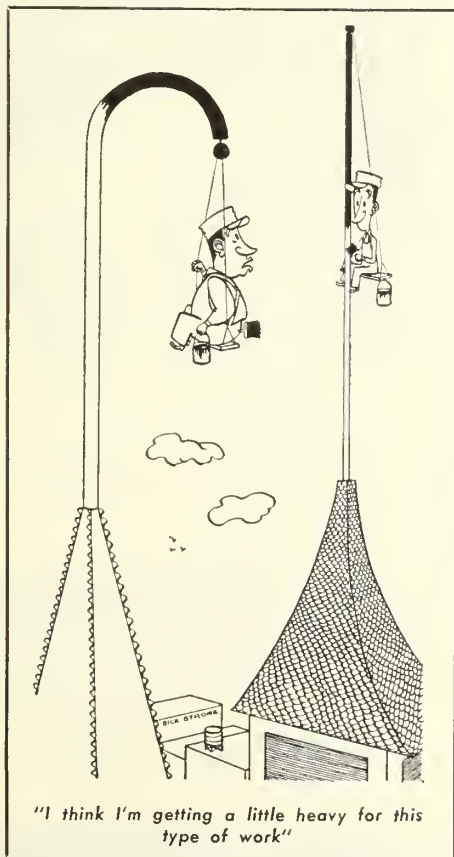
Another guy had trouble with his wife when he got home. He said he was boss, and she said she was. I don't know who won, but she's the only woman outside the WACs who's called "Sergeant."

It's nice if you can bring home some souvenirs from overseas—a Jap flag for your dad, a helmet for your kid brother, and a yen for your girl.

I got a surprise when I went out with a girl the other night. I figured she'd be putty-putty in my hands, but when I tried to kiss her, I thought I'd run into a cement mixer.

Another thing to remember is that you have to use etiquette with girls back here. Etiquette—that's a civilian word meaning, "You gotta tip your hat when you whistle at a girl around here, bud!"

Be sure to watch your table manners, too. Don't be the way my brother was



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when he got out of the Army. We didn't mind it when he knocked Grandma down getting to the table, and we didn't mind it when he put his face down on the plate and ate his way across it like a GI barber's clippers making a test run over a recruit's head. But when he tried to shoot Mother at sunrise for serving Spam, that's when we made him re-enlist!

Now that you're a civilian, you won't have to wear GI shoes any more. I don't know whether changing to those lighter weight shoes makes any difference or not, but the other day two ex-GIs were shot down walking over Glendale.

YES, you're a civilian again, whether your feet are back on the ground or not. Remember those magazine advertisements you used to read during the war? The ones showing a dreamy-eyed GI sitting in a comfortable-looking fox-hole saying, "These are the things I'm fighting for—Mom's apple pie . . . a Sunday afternoon ride in my new car . . . a soda with my best girl at the corner drug store."

Well, maybe Mom can't get the flour for her apple pie, because it's going overseas to feed the people you freed; and maybe the new cars aren't coming along as fast as we thought they would; and maybe the drug store is out of ice cream for that soda. But the important thing is you're home, and we're glad you're back.

I've seen you all over the world, working and fighting for the world that advertising man was trying to put down on paper. He couldn't do it, and neither can I, because each guy's world is something that he himself makes. But I do know that if you do the kind of job in peacetime that you did in war, it's going to be a world we can all be proud of. And you can be prouder than anybody else, because you helped make it that way.



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FOOTBALL'S POWDER KEG

(Continued from page 23)

emotions can be focused. In 1940 Michigan flew out to meet the University of California in the opening game of the season. Just before the opening kickoff Captain Evashevski called all the starting players together except Tom Harmon. He mentioned the fact that it was Harmon's birthday, and called upon everyone for a supreme effort dedicated to Tom. They demonstrated it on the kickoff and then kept it sustained. Through good fortune the ball was kicked to Tom and he ran it back untouched 95 yards for a touchdown. I speak not disparagingly about Tom as a runner when I say I could have scored on the play. Of course it would have taken me longer and the kids might have had to knock opponents down twice, but the way they were blocking that day it would not have been an unreasonable request. The score was 41-0.

IN the last game of that season with Ohio State at Columbus things looked bad. All week the team was listless. Their preparation, concentration and organization appeared to be bad. On Thursday night our band practiced on the field next to us. The players were more interested in the antics of the band than they were in the defense against Ohio State plays. Little groups on the side at times were doing the quadrille, square dance, lindy hop or conga. As we went off the field I remarked to the coaches we were likely to be licked by 40 points.

On the day of the game Captain Evashevski again huddled the players just before the kickoff. He announced that our guard, Ralph Fritz, had as of this day become a man because of his twenty-first birthday, and that he had a right to play with the rest if he could keep the pace set by men. The men had collected a lot of points for Harmon on his birthday, and now they had to get as many for Ralph Fritz. They played an inspired game, but fell one point short of Harmon's total.

A team may become aroused because of a player and again sink to the depths of despair. In 1939 Michigan met Illinois at Urbana on Homecoming. The Wolverines were favorites by a sizeable margin. Before five minutes of play time elapsed Captain Evashevski had to be removed for the rest of the game because of a disabling injury. With the loss of their able leader a despondent Michigan succumbed to an aroused Illinois in the greatest upset of the season.

ON the other hand an aggregation will rise at times when misfortune strikes down one of its mates. Again at the Illinois Homecoming last year, Michigan's captain and quarterback, Joe Ponsetto, who matched the fine leadership, strategy and playing ability of his predecessors, Cap-



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tains Evashevski and Ceithaml, was lost with a knee injury in the second half. Up to that point the Wolverines had been rather ineffective, due largely to the superb play of Illinois. With the intelligent spark furnished by his replacement plus the dedication of supreme effort for their injured leader, Michigan slammed over three quick touchdowns near the close to win.

There you are, and what are you going to do about it? The same tragedy that deadened one Michigan team one year inspired another.

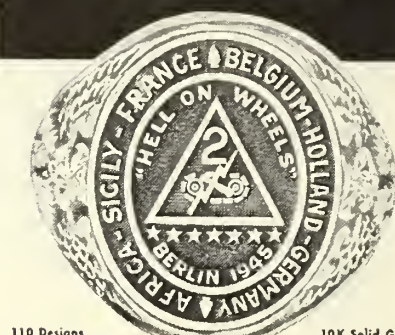
SPARKING the team before the game is a tricky enough job for the wide-awake coach. It is complicated by the desire of friends of the players and alumni to exert their own well-meaning influences, as well as by the private experiences of each player in the days before the game. Most coaches want to control or eliminate these outside forces as much as possible. They want the players to be by themselves on the day of the game, to stay off the streets and out of hotel lobbies, to have all friends, relatives and well-wishers keep away from the men before the game. They can do immeasurable harm, and disrupt any planned morale offensive.

Some coaches like to have one or two choice alumni with a bearish complex try to impress the team with the seriousness of the opposition, but wild exhortations or frenzied oratory are of little value, and make bored cynics of players who hear them every fall Saturday for three years. All alumni, particularly the weeping criminal lawyer, should be silenced from making any remarks. The hate propaganda dispensed by old grads is outmoded. Your team shouldn't be told that the opponents are lawbreakers, barn-burners and reprobrates. Instead your team should be told the truth, that the opposition is a stalwart foe whom you are going to meet in a fighting game which will call for the utmost from men with firm fibre and stout hearts.



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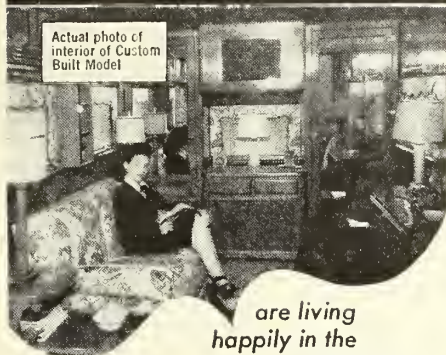
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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

PORTRAIT OF A HERO
(Continued from page 21)

them was nicked, Jones kept yelling he was O.K., but his voice was getting weaker. It was a tough spot.

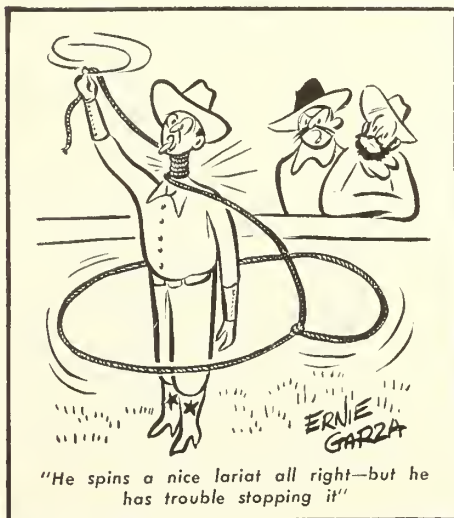
I left that nice, bullet-proof, sandbagged CP we'd dug inside a half-ruined building and went out to see what could be done. A draw went down from the top of the slope, offering cover to within fifty yards of the hole where Jones and the dead man lay, but that fifty yards was wide open. And it was too many hours before the moon would set. An aid man wanted to make a try for it, but I had to tell him no. Too big a risk.

I went up to the CP again and called battalion, trying to get the S-3 to give us an artillery concentration so we could get Jones under cover of it. Chick was sympathetic, but hopeless. Not enough ammunition, he said, and division orders said no firing except in case of a general attack. He promised to try to get hold of something, though.

I'd run off and was trying to think when the first sergeant yelled at me and I crawled out from my nook into the one good room left in the old house. A candle was burning and a bloody man lay on the floor, with an aid man working on him. It was Jones!

AT FIRST I thought he'd gotten it alone, but finally the men made me understand that Archibald Sprite had pulled the rescue. He crawled out of the draw right after I left and made a run for the hole, dragged Jones out and pulled him back across those fifty yards of flying lead, inching along. The sergeant had gotten another bullet that only plowed his buttocks and Archie wasn't hurt.

It's hard to make anyone understand how much bravery was needed for this job. On that white expanse a man looked like a bullseye. To run out it wasn't so bad, but coming back: that's real hell, moving at a snail's pace, flesh flinching instinctively from the imminent blow of a

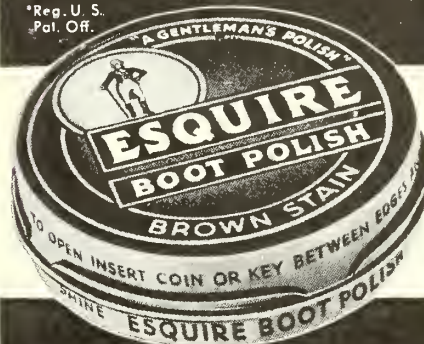


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bullet, the air filled with the crack-pop of small arms fire, all the weight of a wounded man holding you back, pulling your shoulders, exposing you to death.

Sprite wasn't in the room. Someone said he'd gone out at once, after helping carry Jones in. The sergeant was conscious and kept complaining he'd lost his billfold. I went outside to look for Archie.

A sentry told me he'd gone down toward the draw and I headed that way. There were a couple of men covering that furrow, since it led up into our positions, but they weren't in their dug-out. They were lying in the snow at the lip of the cut, looking at something. I lay down by them just in time to see someone come out of a black blob that marked a slit trench and start running toward us.

German firing had died down but now it opened up again. At about the same moment there were flashes of fire along the Kraut hillside and the whop of exploding shells. I found out, later, that S-3 had laid some 81-millimeter mortar fire in there, to give us relief. It was, undoubtedly, all that saved Archie, because his luck was due to run out.

He tumbled into the draw right beside us and lay gasping for breath, too fagged to be questioned about doing such a crazy thing as going back out to that foxhole. I helped him up to the CP, where the company exec hugged him and the first sergeant kept telling us how he'd always said Sprite was a good soldier, by God. But Archie just looked silly and, finally, pulled away from everyone, walked over to Jones, who was in fair shape by now, and handed him—his lost billfold. That was what the little jackass had gone back after, in the face of all the shooting!

I CALLED the battalion commander, reported Jones was saved by Sprite but didn't mention the billfold, which was foolish. We might have gotten rid of Archie on a Section Eight, if I had. But the colonel told me to write him up for a Silver Star, right away, and lay it on thick. We hadn't had any heroes lately and weren't using up our quota of decorations. Also, the battalion CO told me to send Archie back to the rear; he'd wangle him a pass to Rome, effective immediately. So I sent him with the stretcher bearers who'd come up from the aid station for Jones.

A couple of days later we got relieved and went back to an area near Florence. The Sprite rejoined us there, in due time, having gone off to Rome with the colonel's money in his pocket and the regimental commander's praise ringing in his ears.

When Archie did get back, one day late and jabbering incoherently about missing his truck, the guys in the company greeted him uproariously but not with humor. The clown had become a hero and the mess sergeant put him at the head of the chow line for supper. The first sergeant even took the 24-hour AWOL in stride, although

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WORM CAPSULES



he was a trifle upset over an obvious con-
dition of inebriation.

Sprite showed up in his glum state,
which meant a hangover, the next morn-
ing. I called him into the CP tent, feeling
a little speech was in order, and we
engaged in conversation.

"Archie," I said, "I want you to know
that I think your performance the other
night was a damn brave thing, a coura-
geous act, showing true comradeship.
We're all proud of you in this company."

"Yes sir," he said. "Hey, lieutenant, I
wuz gonna bring you a bottle uh cognac
from Rome, but—"

"We're mighty prond, Archie," I inter-
rupted, quickly. "But there's one thing
I don't understand. Why did you go back
again, after you'd brought in Sergeant
Jones?"

"Hadda get his billfold. Uh—wonder if
you'd let me go over to C Company tonight.
House in their area's got some wine
an' I—"

"Look, Archie, why did you go back
after that billfold?"

"Thought he'd need it, lieutenant. Say,
I hear the colonel—"

"Damn it, Sprite, what's the idea on that
billfold?"

He shifted his feet and contorted his
face into a horrible grimace, which meant
he was smiling winningly. He always felt
we had secrets beyond other people, any-
way, because we both came from Kansas.

"Well, sir, Jones is the only guy in the
whole company I c'n ever beat at poker,
and I knowed he had a couple of hundred
dollars, an' one of them guys from bat-
talion tol' me we wuz gettin' relieved kinda
soon. Hadda get Jones in and he ain't no
good to me 'thout his money.

"As I wuz sayin', I hear the colonel wuz
talkin' 'bout makin' me a non-com. You
don't wanna do that. I'd be scairt to death
up with them riflemen. Wuz that all, lieu-
tenant? I gotta—"

"That's all, Archie. Get the hell out of
here," I said.

What can you do about a hero?



"Heels in front!! Amazing the extremes they
go to in feminine fashions!!"

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Use Doctor's Famous Prescription the Moment
Toes Itch or Skin between them is Cracked

Athlete's foot is highly infectious. If
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acts in 5 important ways:

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feet less favorable to infection
- 4 Aids in prevention of spreading
- 5 Helps promote natural healing

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relieves hot, tired, tender, per-
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Helps prevent Athlete's Foot.

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PARTING SHOTS

Life Goes to an Air Show

LA-DEES and gentlemen! You are now about to witness the greatest air show in history, the most amazing, the most stupendous . . . Oh, pardon me, folks, LIFE'S photographers have just arrived! . . . They're going to cover this show . . . Look, folks, there goes Daredevil Maloney into his plane . . . Watch that boy! He's the most amazing, the most . . . Pardon the delay, folks, but LIFE'S photographers are trying to get a shot of Daredevil climbing into his plane . . . Ah, there they go! . . . They've got him! . . . Just as he was putting one foot into the cockpit . . . Now he's taking off, folks. Watch that boy skim the field . . . Oh, pardon me, he's not going to skim the field quite yet . . . LIFE'S photographers are having difficulty in getting a good angle . . . Wowie! There he goes, folks! Up in the air! . . . Boy! Look at those LIFE photographers! They're following him right upstairs in that other plane! . . . Now they're signalling to Daredevil. He's doing an eight-point slow roll, and they want him to hold everything on the fourth roll so they can get a good shot! . . . Broth—er! Look at those guys! They're getting a shot of Daredevil while he's holding the plane upside-down! . . . You got to hand it to those LIFE photographers, ladies and gentlemen! Such technique! Such skill! . . . Now here, folks, let me give you that little lady of the airways who is going to do a twin-'chute jump. . . . She's the most sensational, the most . . . Hold it, folks! Here come LIFE'S photographers! . . . Can you believe it! Those photo finish boys of LIFE'S are going right up there

with the little lady to watch her do her jump! Such stamina! . . . Say! Looks like the little lady's 'chute isn't going to open. She's down about two thousand feet now! . . . Gad! Look at those LIFE boys zooming down right after her! . . . She's dropped three thousand feet now! . . . Four thousand! . . . Look at those guys, folks, right there with the little old camera, just in case . . . Say, folks, that 'chute is definitely not going to open! . . . Boy! What a shot this is going to make, if the boys can make it down in time to catch it! . . . They're going to make it, folks. This is sensational! What a shot! . . . Well, ladies and gentlemen, I told you they'd do it! . . . LIFE triumphs over death . . . Wow!—By Vivian Batman

Question of the Times

Ford or Plymouth or Chevrolet?
That was the question of yesterday.
Buick or Hudson or Pontiac?
Packard or Lincoln or Cadillac?
Black or green or maybe that new tone?
Solid color or fancy two-tone?
Standard model or super de luxe?
Kind of upholstery *could* be the crux.

Changed though the picture that one
now finds,
Still there is something that troubles
our minds.
Once we were driven to fever pitch
Over the difficult question of *which*.
Now we're harassed no less than then,
Only the question's that devilish *when*!

—Richard Armour

Those Yank Language Lessons

THE YANK sense of the ridiculous was busy at work soon after the occupation of Japan began, as evidenced by a gag that was worked out in Tokyo by some of the newsmen. The elevators in the Radio Tokyo building are piloted by tiny Japanese girls, who greeted each passenger with a series of short bows and some choice Nipponese expressions of felicitation. The Americans didn't know exactly what the Jap girls were saying to them. They weren't sure at all that the little speech was as mannerly as the girls appeared, so to take no chances they taught the operators some nice new American. Now as the girls politely bob up and down, they softly whisper, "Oh, my aching back."—Alan Maguire

Go-Between Blues

I wish the girl
A bad, bad end,
Who uses me
To meet my friend.

A. A. Lattimer

Vice Verse



Dogs don't laugh, it's not their stile;
You'll seldom see a canine smyle.
And once I owned a beagle howned
Who never smiled—he always frownd.

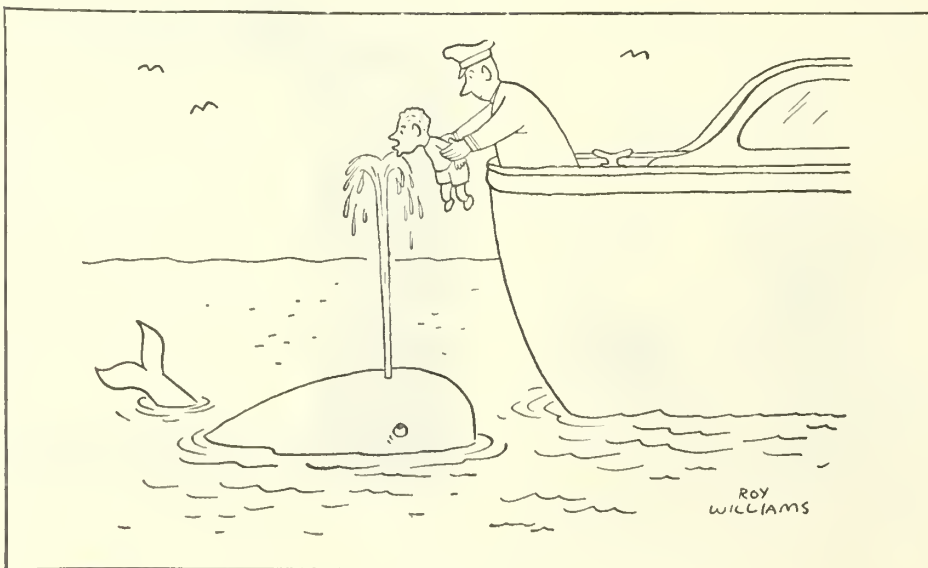
Ciggy sponsors always cokes
Me to change my present smoax:
This surely complicates affairs,
Because right now I'm smoking thairs!

People riding prone in hurses
Have no further need for nearses

There's one good thing about a muel:
He never kicks for lack of fule;
To O.P.A. he never squalked.
He wawked.

Luckily nature gave us teath
With some above and some beneath.

Once I paid a thousand sheckles
To have a guy remove my frekels;
A very interesting cacc,
For due to him, I have no fase!
—Colonel Stoopnagle





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